



# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

No. 2047

[Registered as a  
Newspaper.]

JULY 29, 1911

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**CONTENTS.**

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Volumes instead of Sweet's.—By Violet Stubbins.  
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Men See them.—By J. Arthur Hill.  
A LONDON LETTER. About Coronation Reading, the  
American Bookbuyer and Stratford.—By the Editor.  
CLERKS AND READING. A Reply to a Recent Much  
Discussed "Book Monthly" Article.—By Firth Crossley.  
LAUGH AND GROW—! Bookish Pickups, Chiefly  
American, for that After-Coronation Feeling.  
GLEAMS OF "E.L.S." Human Nature and Literary Art in  
Stevenson's Correspondence.  
A JULY GLEANING of Novels Published in the Season of  
Coronation.—By C. E. Lawrence.  
COPY, SIR, PLEASE. An Author's Dream Told as a  
"Fill-up" Story.—By John Brown Robinson Smith.  
NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY. Particulars of Interest-  
ing Volumes likely to be Published this Month.  
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Publishers: **SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.,**  
Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

... THE ...  
**EYE=WITNESS**  
Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

CONTENTS of No. 6. THURSDAY, July 27th.

THE END OF THE FARCE.	BALLADE URBANE VI.
COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.	A Ballade of the Matchless.
FOREIGN AFFAIRS: PEACE OR WAR.	A STANDARD OF ENGLISH WRITING BY EDMUND GOSSE.
THE PRÆTORIAN.	CARICATURE. By H. Warre Cornish.
THE LAW OF LIBEL.	A LAMENT FOR THE HALLS. By W. R. T.
THE LOVE OF ENGLAND.	THE FICTION MARKET.
AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.	CORRESPONDENCE.
THE DUPE.	REVIEWS—MOLIERE. By Desmond MacCarthy.
MORE ABOUT PRISON.	A NATIONAL POLICY.
AN OPEN LETTER TO A BETHNAL GREEN ELEC- TOR.	FATHER BROWN.
THE TELEPHONE: No. 2. The Rise of the National Telephone Company.	STONEWALL JACKSON.

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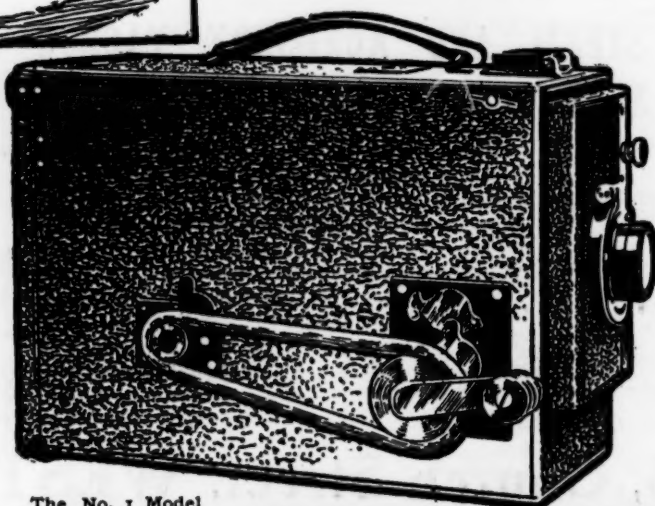
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## CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week ..... 131	Reviews (continued)—
Love's Requiem ..... 132	Fiction ..... 143
The Wages of Weak-	The Theatre ..... 144
ness ..... 132	Through France in a
Why Die?..... 133	Motor—VI. .... 144
"The Academy" Dinner 133	Some Old Theatres of
Flight and Fortune..... 134	Paris—I. .... 146
State Insurance ..... 135	Music ..... 147
Reviews:—	Lost Kingdoms of the Sea 148
The Sister of Sir	Homeward Bound: a New
William Temple ..... 138	Zealand Sketch ..... 149
A Handbook of Gothic	Sophocles in Rhyme ..... 151
Art ..... 139	Street-Organs ..... 152
Style, Supermen, Canni-	Tokyo ..... 153
balism, and a Philo-	Art..... 154
sopher ..... 139	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 154
Absolute Criticism and	Motoring and Aviation ... 155
Edmund Spenser..... 140	In the Temple of Mammon 156
Historical Novels..... 141	Correspondence ..... 158
Shorter Reviews ..... 142	Books Received ..... 159

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE *Spectator* is—unconsciously—too funny for words. Its Editor has formed himself into a sort of universal information bureau. All the information disseminated is, moreover, inspired, and is quite as lucid and authoritative as that vouchsafed by the oracle of Delphi. For instance, in last week's issue the question of the Crisis is succinctly dealt with by the Editor in notes, leading article, and sniping comments on correspondence in rather over four columns—the whole of this space being needed to explain that Mr. Strachey having spoken the controversy is at an end. As was to be expected, the policy of running away has received his sanction. There are one or two delightful tributes to the Editor's omniscience:—

We may note that on Thursday evening the Press Association issued a statement to the effect that the Government had already obtained the King's consent to the creation of Peers . . . The Association's information will hardly be called news by the readers of the "*Spectator*."

In the odd moments of compiling four columns, the Editor is needed, it seems, on the telephone to give authoritative enlightenment to the editors of other papers. The *Evening News* prints the following telephonic message received from Mr. Strachey:—

I have never wavered in the opinion that the duty of the House of Lords was to pass the Bill, bad as it is, and so

prevent the creation of peers and the consequent ruin of the peerage.

The ruin of the peerage would be bad enough, but it would also mean something like the ruin of the Unionist Party, for after the creation of peers there would be nothing to prevent the immediate crisis of a Home Rule Bill, Plural Voting, and other legislative projects equally injurious to the nation.

I feel certain that in the present circumstances the wisdom, statesmanship, and high qualities of leadership belonging to Lord Lansdowne may be relied upon to prevent the creation of peers.

Steele, in No. 562 of the *Spectator*, refers to Wolsey's "Ego et rex meus" as "the most violent egotism I have met with in the course of my reading." If he could only read the *Spectator* commencing with No. 4,300, he would, we think, see cause to modify that opinion. The one indispensable man has been found, but alas! he is not exempt from human fate. We shudder to think what will become of the Empire, and indeed of the world, when in the nature of things this great and sapient personality is no longer available to pronounce definitely on human problems.

There are no fresh developments in the situation in Morocco, and a better atmosphere hangs over the conversations in Berlin, which are likely to be somewhat protracted. The *Daily Mail* published a few days ago what purported to be the German demands of France in return for permission to establish a protectorate over Morocco, but these were of such an extravagant nature that the French Press made it unofficially clear that they could not for a moment be entertained. They included a large stretch of the French Congo including the sea coast and the port of Liberville; and also a port in Morocco and special trading rights over the Sus. These demands are equally unacceptable to ourselves as well as to the French, for they would doubly threaten our lines of sea communication to South Africa and also to India, for the Suez Canal could be so easily "accidentally" blocked in time of war that we should have to fall back on the old route round the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Lloyd George came out with a timely little speech, stating our determination to stand by France, and containing a veiled warning to Germany of the serious consequences which may result from pressing any impossible demands on our ally. This has done much to clear the air, for we must convince the German Government that they have little to hope from internecine party strife in this country, and that both sides are equally united to maintain the *status quo* in Morocco and to keep our binding engagements with France.

The issue of the *Parsi* for July 2nd contains the concluding instalment of a very interesting article on Edgar Allan Poe by Mr. Khandalavala; but one sentence in it reads rather cryptically. Referring to "The Raven," the author writes:—"The poet passes through successive gradations of despair, the natural and prophetic refrain of which is 'Never More,' than which there is not a happier word in the English language." This is not particularly happily expressed, and we had been under the impression that there were many "happier words" in our language than the refrain of "The Raven." The rest of the essay is excellent. We note also in the *Parsi* a reproduction of Mr. Hubert J. Norman's paper in the *Westminster Review* on the poet Cowper; and the *Wednesday Review* reprints an article which appeared in THE ACADEMY some weeks back, entitled "A Reminiscence of Forty Years Ago," by "An Eye-Witness," who passed through the terrors of the Commune.

## LOVE'S REQUIEM

Love is dead!  
 On bed of roses  
 Now his lifeless form reposes;  
 Heap the lilies round his head,  
 Tell them softly, "Love is dead."

Let sweet song  
 Bemoan his dying,  
 Strew late violets, softly sighing,—  
 And, lest Love should be forgot,  
 Twine the blue forget-me-not.

Let your prayers  
 Like incense rise  
 Winged with dolorous harmonies;  
 Let four tapers star the gloom  
 Like tall lily-wands in bloom.

No black pall  
 Shall drape his bier,  
 Lay no yew nor cypress here,  
 But, since Summer dies without him,  
 Strew her choicest blooms about him.

Through the glory  
 Of his hair  
 Wreath white roses, pure as fair;  
 O'er his heart, now still and dead,  
 Lay this rose of deepest red.

Lo! he rises  
 From the flowers!  
 Petals fall in very showers;  
 "I am living!" hear him cry,  
 "Think ye Love can ever die?"

WINIFRED SUTCLIFFE GREAVES.

## THE WAGES OF WEAKNESS —

MR. BALFOUR and Lord Lansdowne have written on the crisis at home, but they have advanced no new arguments in favour of the Peers submissively passing under the yoke.

Lord Lansdowne offers his personal opinion and advice, which is, of course, entitled to consideration; Mr. Balfour hints not obscurely at effacing himself as leader of the Conservative Party if Lord Lansdowne's advice is disregarded. It is possible that Mr. Balfour attaches exaggerated weight to his continuance in his present position. All admire his Parliamentary dexterity and his devotion to the Unionist cause. Since, however, he has spoken plainly himself, he cannot complain if others who have worked for the cause as long as he, and who are equally devoted to it as he is to-day, speak plainly also. I am prepared to do so, and to give chapter and verse for what I advance. I refrain, however, on this occasion because the European situation is such, that no man who occupies a position of authority should be the

object of criticism which might tend in any degree to diminish the influence which centres in him. For the same reason it is incumbent to reserve criticism of Lord Lansdowne, the late Foreign Secretary.

Writing with all reserve, I hold strongly that, unless the foreign situation demands it, no concession should be made to the arbitrary attitude which the Government has adopted. If the situation of Europe is such that internal dissension must be composed, it is not for the Peers alone to offer concessions.

I am not writing with the freedom I desired, and I shall therefore adhere to essentials. The indisputable fact is that the Parliament Bill is not the Bill which was mentioned to the constituencies at the last General Election. The position which was taken up at that time by the Government candidates was that the House of Lords—as we know it—is indefensible and that its powers are in need of restriction. Reform and limitation were to march hand in hand. An old Chamber with traditional powers was to give place to a new one with a written constitution and circumscribed powers.

Many who are qualified to judge agree with my opinion that the House of Lords should have declined to read an incomplete measure a second time. Their position in that case would have been impregnable, and the Crown would have been justified in refusing guarantees until the Bill, which was foreshadowed at the General Election, was presented to the House of Lords, and either rejected by the House, or altered by it in essentials which the constituencies may have been thought to have sanctioned by a general mandate. That proceeding would have been a courageous, and at the same time a perfectly defensible, course to adopt.

The House of Lords under Lord Lansdowne's guidance gave a second reading to a partial measure, with no popular mandate behind it, and having accepted the principle trusted—as is now seen vainly—to the Government being conciliatory and accepting reasonable amendments. One might perhaps put the case thus: Lord Lansdowne finessed against the knave and the cards, and lost the trick.

Assuming that external affairs do not claim an overriding influence, I think that the Peers should resist overweening extortion to the last. If running away were a profitable policy, the Conservative party would now be in a very strong position. I believe that the party will never improve its prospects until it is strongly led, and ready to give battle against the oppression of a hybrid majority.

It is seen how much can be effected by comparatively small minorities which are strongly and resolutely led. The compact Conservative host is almost negligible, because its leaders always have specious arguments for sounding a retreat. It is opposed to all teaching of history and all instincts of mankind to argue that enthusiasm can be kindled for that which is invertebrate and complaisant under injury.

I admire Mr. Redmond not only for his loyalty to Parnell in his dark days, but also for the dogged determination with which he has imposed his will on the Liberal majority; I shall have no admiration for the Peers if they accept from the Government a short lease of life bereft of all which makes life worth living. Viewing the domestic crisis by itself, enthusiasm for the Unionist cause can only be called forth by forcing the Government to carry out their at once tyrannical and ludicrous threat of a wholesale



creation of peers. The constituencies will thus be able to perceive that they are being governed internally by a despotism of a degrading kind, because the ultimate power of fashioning the destinies of the country resides in a group which is avowedly utterly indifferent to its Constitution or legislative welfare.

CECIL COWPER.

## WHY DIE?

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE political world has been in a turmoil during the past week. When Mr. Asquith announced in a formal letter to Mr. Balfour that he had obtained his guarantees, all the pent-up passions of both parties broke loose. Lord Halsbury, in an impassioned speech in the House of Lords, declared that he would never yield. He has been supported by a large number of peers and by many of the Commons, who are to give him a dinner at the Hotel Cecil to-night (Wednesday). The leaders of this demonstration are Lords Selborne and Salisbury, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. F. E. Smith. They form the "Die in the Last Ditch Party," but they will not die after all, because saner counsels will happily prevail at the eleventh hour. They will eat a good dinner in the last ditch; they will emit panegyrics on themselves in the last ditch, but in the end they will stand by the decision of their leaders—Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. One by one the leaders of the Unionist party have stated their views. Lord Lansdowne's were already known. On Monday Lord Curzon set his forth in a masterly letter to the Press, and on Wednesday Mr. Balfour announced his intention of standing or falling by Lord Lansdowne in a letter which is a masterpiece of logic and tactics. There are many who criticise Mr. Balfour's leadership, but no one can beat him when it comes to a subtle display of Parliamentary tactics. His letter has completely taken the wind out of the sails of the Halsbury demonstration. With delightfully cynical and remorseless logic he shows how totally out of place military metaphor is at the present crisis, and with polite and mild irony raises a laugh against those who indulge in these mock heroics. He mildly points out that the Constitutional struggle is but just commencing, and gently hints that it is the duty of all true Unionists to prepare for the struggle, and not rashly to commit harri-karri at this early stage of the game. In Japan a man commits harri-karri if he feels he has disgraced himself, and has incurred the ill-will of his Emperor. He never does it because he has been beaten in the first stage of the battle. He would be considered a coward if he did so. He will fight to the end, and when all is lost, why then, if he sees no other means of saving his honour, he may stick his two-handed sword in his bowels, and pass into the keeping of the spirits of his ancestors.

The political situation has developed exactly as I foresaw it would in these columns in our issue of July 8th. I then advocated that the Lords should yield rather than have their vote swamped by the Hireling Batch. That is what they are going to do, and it is the only sane and proper course. We must be left in a position to meet Home Rule with a decisive majority in the Upper House. Thus no Home Rule

measure can become law until after two years, and by that time the coalition will have torn itself to pieces and split into its natural component parts—namely, Liberals, Socialists, and Nationalists—all quarrelling with one another. There only remains one step for the Lords to take, and that is to pass by resolution a solemn protest firmly placing on record that we only yield to *force majeure*, and do not accept the Veto Bill as a final settlement of their powers and prerogatives.

No settlement can be final until we have a Redistribution Bill and a reform of the Constitution of the Upper House. When these two all-important questions have been settled it will be time to adjust the final balance of the powers of the two Houses of Parliament. That day is not far distant. It may come at any time within the next two years. Let the Unionist party face the task of convincing the electorate as a united party. Let the threatened split be buried in oblivion. Let us close our ranks and march on the divided hosts of the enemy in one solid phalanx until we have split and scattered them like chaff to the winds. The country will not mistake or misconstrue the attitude of the party leaders at the present crisis. It is not weakness which causes them to yield—it is a wise choice of two evils. The electorate will not judge ill of those who sacrificed a little pride to preserve their liberties. So black is Mr. Asquith's record that his day of retribution cannot be far distant. He has sold the Constitution for eighty Irish votes; he has dragged the King's name into party strife rather than ask the people for their support; he has offered peerages to party parasites in return for cash down and promises to support any measure the Dollar Dictator may order him to pass; he has substituted a bureaucratic mandate for the vote of the people, and he has brought Parliamentary institutions to the verge of ruin and into public contempt. Nine-twentieths of the total electorate voted for the Unionists at the last General Election. There are many more of the remaining eleven-twentieths who will vote for Unionism at the next. Never were the prospects of the party brighter than at the present time, provided no internal schisms divide our counsels and our attack. Our leaders may not fulfil all our requirements. There have doubtless been greater battle-chiefs in the past; but let us not forget those words of Abraham Lincoln, "It is dangerous to swap horses whilst crossing a stream."

## "THE ACADEMY" DINNER

It is just a year since the present management took over THE ACADEMY. There were many pessimists at that time who looked askance at the great task we had undertaken, and who prophesied, with the unfailing wisdom of their class, that in less than six months the paper would have ceased to exist or would have passed into other hands. Those who professed to be our best friends warned us against wasting our efforts to revive the fading fortunes of a journal which had gone through so many vicissitudes and which had fallen to such a low ebb. It is true we have gone through some anxious moments, but we have remained steadfastly confident that our readers would support our efforts, and that in the end they would meet with success. Our trust has not been misplaced, and to-day THE ACADEMY stands in a far stronger position than even the most optimistic believed it would a year ago. We have had great

difficulties to face in the past, and we shall have troubles to meet in the future. In the first place, we desire to appeal to the impartial and to the intellectual, not to the strict partisan and to the sensation-lover. We indulge in none of the favourite schemes for increasing our circulation; we offer no prizes and organise no competitions; we make no effort to give our readers weekly thrills or special sensations; we wish the paper to succeed simply on its merits as a literary production run on original lines. Every one is entitled to a hearing in our columns. In the same number may be found totally different views on the same subject. We wish to give both sides on any question a fair and impartial discussion, and no considerations of mere profit can turn us from this course. We made a confident appeal to our readers a year ago; we make a still more confident appeal to them now, and we trust that all will continue their support and secure their friends' support throughout the coming year.

The anniversary of the new management assuming the control of THE ACADEMY was celebrated on Wednesday last by a dinner at Claridge's, which it is proposed to make an annual function. A distinguished company of thirty guests—all good friends and many of them contributors to our columns—attended the dinner. Earl Fitzwilliam presided, and the general company included Lord Howard de Walden, the Uruguayan, Brazilian, and Argentine Ministers, Sir Charles Walpole, Major Kingsley Foster, Sir William Bull, M.P., Sir Edward Ward, Mr. W. Keswick, M.P., Mr. Cecil Cowper (Editor), Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, the Hon. Arthur Hill Trevor, Messrs. Wilfrid L. Randell, R. B. Turner, A. E. Hall, R. C. G. Richards, Arthur Machen, W. Negus, W. H. Koebel, Lancelot Lawton, Senhor J. Sanceau and Señor de Campilo.

The following sent letters of regret for being unable to attend: Sir Maxwell Aitken, Major Norton Griffiths, Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Waldorf Astor, M.P., Sir Owen Philipps, Captain Morrison, Dr. Sampaio, and Mr. George Cave, M.P.

Earl Fitzwilliam proposed the loyal toasts in a felicitous speech. Sir Charles Walpole proposed "The Two Houses of Parliament," which was responded to by Lord Howard de Walden in a most witty speech, and also by Sir William Bull, M.P. "Success to THE ACADEMY" was proposed by Mr. Negus, and responded to by Mr. Cecil Cowper, who briefly sketched the progress made by the paper during the past year, and who took the opportunity to thank those who had rendered their support. Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett proposed "The Distinguished Visitors," which was responded to by Sir Edward Ward and his Excellency the Uruguayan Minister, Senhor Regis de Oliveira.

## FLIGHT AND FORTUNE

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,  
Cut shorter many a league."

AN innate, eternal desire for change, a certain irresistible, divine unrest which takes possession of healthy men and women from the cradle to the grave, is part of the secret of all human progress, and to this is allied the delightful virtue of curiosity, inquisitiveness—the wish to discover fresh lands, to find out new sensations, to peer into the crystal with the eyes of faith, to see visions and to dream dreams. Emula-

tion then steps in; the craving to do what other men have never yet done, to succeed where others have failed, to rise, it may be stormily, above the tranquil, commonplace waters of mediocrity. A dozen other attributes, strong and weak, commendable and reprehensible, add their quota to the gathering impulsion—the longing for fame, for money, for the applauding crowd and the exultation of victory, for a woman's adoring glance, or an enemy's envious frown. So, driven by many complex forces intersecting and interacting beyond all possibility of precise computation, we explore equatorial swamps, we search and suffer in Arctic snows; we devise in huge laboratories schemes for the healing of the nations; we contrive machines that shall carry men on business or pleasure to the four points of the compass round the rolling world, and, at last, we fly through the air with the speed of a swallow and the ease of a seagull.

The past week is a memorable one in the history of human flight, and those of us who watched the spectacle at Brooklands on last Saturday afternoon have a memory which may easily be eclipsed by more notable scenes during the next year or two, but which at any rate will not be obliterated. To see the flimsy-looking monoplanes wheeled slowly from their sheds, rocking awkwardly as they traversed the rough ground; to catch a sudden spurt of blue vapour; to hear the quick, impetuous rattle as of a distant rifle-volley, and to behold the dead things spring to life one by one and soar into the hot sunshine, murmuring and muttering in the teeth of the treacherous wind; to hear them settle into a definite purring, musical note as they swerved, ever ascending, and flew arrow-like past us, the light glinting from their whirling propellers, on the first stage of the thousand-mile journey—these were new sensations indeed, even though we had seen flying of sorts before. The experience had the cumulative force of numbers. It had, too, its terribly thrilling moment, when Lieutenant Porte's smart little Deperdussin came to grief. "Beaumont" had sloped up steeply and surely; Astley had wavered, but cleared the dangerous eddies; Paterson had become a speck in the sky, and then, with a sickening feeling that something was going wrong, we gazed fascinated at the hazardous swoops which Porte's machine made when he had ascended fifty or sixty feet. In another moment a gasp of horror, of irrepressible sympathy and sudden fear came from the crowd, for the Deperdussin simply turned half over, dived fiercely, and crashed to the earth a wreck. The silence that enveloped us for one interminable pause was deadly—it could almost be felt. And then from the cloud of dust stepped a man unhurt, waving his arms, and we clapped and cheered him, partly because we were heartily sorry for his ill-luck, partly because the hand of death had missed its grip for once, and the terror had vanished.

After that the slow, solemn biplanes varied the story, and nothing very serious happened. A big "Bristol" careered twice round the oval, lifting herself a few feet now and then, reminding one of the story of the tug that described erratic circles in the river and drew profane comments from the rest of the traffic because her engineer had jumped overboard and nobody knew how to stop the machinery; one or two others had to alight and make fresh starts, but the majority were safe at their destination long before. The crowd lessened, seeking hotels and refreshment; and as we sat at tea in a cosy cottage-garden, high over our heads boomed the three last competitors, shapely as dragon-flies, speeding away from the sunset towards the goal.

So at last we fly in companies, and fairly safely, and by the time these words are being read doubtless some of the gallant adventurers of the air will have completed their thousand miles of danger and sought the less risky arm-



chair, whence to expatiate on winds and weather. What will come of it all? When man has securely appropriated his three dimensions, will some patient mathematician unearth that long-sought fourth dimension from his store of bewildering figures, and teach us how it may be conquered? Probably not; long before then we shall be so bothered by problems arising from the development of the art of flight that three measures of space will be ample for us.

For ages past men have envied the birds and striven vainly to wrest from Nature the secret of feathers and wings. The swallow darts across our path tantalisingly; the seagull floats, circles, progresses subtly on outspread pinions with scarcely a quiver; the lark soars twinkling into the blue until it vanishes. How has man rivalled these graceful, ethereal creatures? He has taken a contrivance of iron and steel and brass, fed it with explosive vapours, built round it surfaces of canvas, pleasantly called "wings," and by the deafening heartbeats of that engine has forced the tilted planes against the air until they pull and rise, taking the engine and himself with them. Unpoetic, unnatural, indefatigable, ingenious Man! Still, it is a triumph for the featherless, wingless creature who has hitherto roamed a kind of Flatland, and a wondering uncertainty must greet those who demand what future there may be for the sport which is developing so rapidly into a science. "Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward?" "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

And as to fortune—who would not strive to fly a thousand miles for ten thousand pounds? We seek fortune in various ways, from the artless methods of Moses Primrose with his "gross of green spectacles" to the keen and complicated operations of the commercial magnate. There is something poetic in the idea of flying for money—much more so than in the idea of writing a poem for money. Poetry, as Richard le Gallienne continues to emphasise, should be paid for in roses, not in such sordid things as cheques and coins of the realm. We are not aware that the experiment has ever been tried on any living rhymester, but we should like to be present when the rose arrived, if only to hear the deep and rhythmic language which even the most imperishable poet would probably use. He, however, does not risk his life in writing his sonnet or his rondeau—he merely risks slight casualties to his readers who may not be in dithyrambic mood. The aviator, on the contrary, takes his life and all its possibilities in his hands every time he ascends—a fact which was very vividly proved at Brooklands on Saturday last; and no one would blame him for requiring in return a handsome addition to his bank account. The uncertainty of the result is illustrated by the number of entries for this present competition; slow machines are pitted against swift ones, "Cody's Cathedral"—all honour to Cody the plucky and persevering!—against the speedy little monoplanes, every one well aware that a rebellious motor or a snapped wire may alter the whole order of things, may allow the stately biplane to sail home to victory, and leave the leader helpless in some wayside meadow.

As we go to press, the news comes to hand that Lieutenant Conneau ("Beaumont"), of the French Navy, has arrived at Brooklands, completing his flight after a journey that was at times really terrible, and winning the prize. Well within twenty-four hours of actual travelling he has covered the thousand and ten miles, with his compatriot, Védérines, not very far behind him. It was an astonishingly close race between the two Frenchmen, and heartily must the brave Lieutenant be congratulated, in spite of the drooping flag of hope that one of our own countrymen might this time have succeeded. Of Hamel, young and hopeful and energetic, we had strong expectations, but unfortunate delays

have been his portion; many of the other competitors are still farther in the rear. And so the great race ends. What will come next? Who will be the first hero, I wonder, to fly round the world, and how will his necessary food and drink and fuel be supplied as he crosses the great expanses of ocean? It can hardly be doubted that some day the feat will be attempted, since airmen have started from and "landed" easily on the deck of a battleship. But such speculations, for the present, are profitless; the suggestive fact remains that two men have flown over a thousand miles, through rough weather, thunderstorms, hot sunshine and freezing hail, since we watched their winged engines lift sweetly off the turf into the brilliant sky last Saturday afternoon.

Fortune, then, to whom it is due; and let complaining tongues for a while be silent. In a gallant company, compact of courage, skill, and daring, the airmen have departed good-humouredly, and like true sportsmen the vanquished will be ready to give honour to the victor.

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## STATE INSURANCE

### FROM THE WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

It is proposed by the Government that compulsory provision against sickness shall be enforced upon 14,600,000 people, and that the wage-earners comprising this total shall pay £11,000,000 yearly towards that end. That provision against sickness and invalidity is in itself a desirable thing few men will be prepared to dispute. But whether the scheme now submitted by the Government is either economical, sound, or likely to benefit permanently those in whose special interests it is framed is a very different question. It is of immense importance to the workers of this country that the benefits obtained should be in proportion to the cost, and a careful eye should be kept upon any scheme which involves twice the cost in the providing of benefits that can be obtained by any workman under existing Sick and Benefit Societies. A careful examination of the figures of Sick Insurance Funds reveals the outstanding fact that unless there is anticipated an alarming increase of sickness after the Bill becomes law the total amount contributed under the Bill by all concerned will be out of proportion to the benefit to be received.

This can best be seen by taking the case of a firm employing 1,355 men and boys, having a scheme of sickness insurance in operation under which 15s. per week is paid to all men earning over 20s. per week and 7s. 6d. per week to boys earning under 20s. per week until return to work is possible. Taking the average amount paid by this firm for the last three years, it works out at £382 18s. 8d. per annum, with an average staff of 1,355 men and boys employed, and the cost, calculated on the basis of 4d. per head from each worker, 3d. from employer, and 2d. from the State, would during this time have cost the workers, master, and State a total sum of £2,642 5s. per annum. Even allowing for provision for maternity allowance and medical attendance, a sum amounting to from £120 to £150 per annum would cover the former, and if we add 6s. per head (actual cost according to Friendly Societies' returns) for medical attendance we get an additional cost of £406 10s. per year. By adding these figures together—£382 18s. 8d. paid out of funds for sick benefit, £150 estimated cost of maternity benefit to wives, £406 10s. for medical attendance; total, £939 8s.—we find that far greater benefits can be had for £939 8s., as against a cost of £2,642 4s. under the Government Bill, with the added advantage to the worker of 15s. and 7s. 6d. respectively per

week as against 10s. per week all round under Mr. Lloyd George's proposal.

The very obvious deduction from this is that those firms which are already providing benefits equal to those proposed under the Bill could easily establish insurance funds of their own, under a system of State regulation which would be far more advantageous to the workmen concerned—more economical, alike both to employer and taxpayer, stimulating all concerned in the direction of promoting physical efficiency where—judging from the experience of France and Germany—State Insurance tends in the opposite direction. Apart from this important aspect of the scheme, does this Insurance Bill really reach that class of workman we are anxious to help? Let us carefully and impartially examine its proposals.

The Lancashire cotton operative may fairly be taken as representative of all other trades, both in point of numbers and wages earned. From four loom-weaver to mill-owner is a common experience. The operative of to-day is the employer of to-morrow under the system of hiring "room and power," a system upon which a gigantic business has been built in Lancashire, and one that is severely threatened under this Bill. Thousands of cotton operatives are in receipt of fairly steady employment and wages as a result of the enterprise of two or three of their own fellow-operatives hiring "room and power," pooling their savings together, and embarking on a manufacturing business on their own. Surely this type of man should be encouraged? This enterprise is the very foundation of the Lancashire trade, upon its maintenance depend the wages and well-being of half the cotton population of Lancashire. Increasing competitive conditions, combined with narrower margins and restricted markets, are taxing the resources of Lancashire to their utmost, and now it is threatened by a scheme which will undoubtedly make it increasingly difficult for the operative to rise, and will preclude from the realm of possibility the successful continuance of the small but thrifty working-man employer without the compensation of even touching the fringe of the really deserving poor; and where benefit does accrue we are asked to pay 9d. per week for that which, under individual management, can be gained for 4d.

The sum demanded from the cotton trade is equal to 40 per cent. of the total profit taken upon a basis of 5 per cent., an increase in the cost of production that cannot be borne, entailing grievous unemployment and hardship upon a trade and its workers, to whom a margin of 1 per cent. often makes all the difference between full employment and none. To prove this, it is only necessary to take the case of 1,000 looms. These looms will employ on an average 400 adults, entailing a cost of 3d. each per week, amounting to £260 per year. These 1,000 looms under the "room and power" system will involve a capital outlay of £16,000. Five per cent. on this sum is £800. £260 for contributions and at least £60 a year for clerical work, auditing, and collecting gives us a total of £320 a year, or 40 per cent. of the total of £800. The same process of reasoning applies throughout the whole of the country in thousands of cases, and is bound to be reflected in increased unemployment and the squeezing out of the "little man." Examination reveals this Bill as essentially plutocratic; it saves the "big man" while the "tryer" and the wage-earner are specially penalised.

How is it going to affect the really deserving poor? A poor man as defined by the Bill is one in receipt of less than £160 per annum, but Lancashire cotton operatives cannot be thus classified—the whole thing is a farce. It is rather the rule than the exception for a family working in the mill to be in receipt of over this annual sum, yet they will join in any benefits.

These people are not to be classified as the "deserving

poor" any more than the newly married couple, without any family, earning between them £150 per annum. You must not tell these people they are poor; it is not true, and would be deeply resented as a great insult. Yet these, for the purposes of the Bill, are the "deserving poor."

The poor widow under seventy who takes in the washing of the above couple is classed under the head of "Casual Labourers," and as such is not entitled to any benefit.

The man of no trade, who must needs get a living by odd jobs or anything he can catch, forming the host of casual men hanging around our stations and docks, is likewise barred unless he pays a sum of 7d. per week to get that which 4d. would assure to him from outside sources.

Just exactly how Lancashire will be affected can best be shown by taking the daily routine of a cotton operative's life. And what applies in his case will incidentally apply throughout industrial England. Let us assume he marries at twenty-four a young woman working in the same mill. Quite naturally there are no incumbrances for a beginning. He is running six looms, his wife running four, from which an average of £3 per week is being made. Out of this something can, and is, as a rule, saved, say £50 the first year. Then she falls out of the wage-earning line sick. Recognised as a worker, she receives 10s. a week and a doctor. My point is, Does she need it, as compared with the casual labourer's wife? Is the former really to be considered poor, needy, and necessitous compared with the latter? The answer under Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is, Yes. This is the particular person who is to benefit—for what? So that she can as speedily as possible return to work. If it be a case of her becoming a mother, 30s. allowance, and back again to work at the expiration of four weeks. Following this same couple as typical, what do we expect to find in ten or twelve years' time? Family increased to four or five, woman stops at home, circumstances demand she should; the savings of their early married life are now gone, she is now in the class called "Casual Labourers," who can be insured providing she pays the whole amount herself. This, with her family and only her husband's wage, she cannot afford to do. Many, many sacrifices she makes in order to dress her family neatly. Much-needed rest and comfort are now denied; result, she becomes ill. Now, when State assistance is really needed, both the 10s. per week and the free doctor are missing. The poor husband and father is now told that State assistance is only for workers, still he goes on paying by his labour his proportion to the revenue which provides the twopenny dole of State assistance. Yet now, when he and his wife and family are actually placed in the position of the deserving and necessitous poor, no hand is extended to him.

It is no affair of the State to help these people, whose only crime consists of having bravely shouldered their responsibilities as citizens. It is now that care and attention are needed. This is the time for State aid. An emergency which the Chancellor meets by the vague and ambiguous promise that "if" a surplus fund should be created possibly the members of a worker's family may be allowed to share the benefit.

Having passed through this trying period of his family history, what is the man's position later on in life when the family have become self-supporting? The four children running sixteen looms among them are earning an average of 6s. per loom per week, and the father is occupying the position of an overlooker in the mill with 50s. per week—a total weekly income of £7 10s. Now we find that State aid is forced upon them. Both children and father are entitled to benefit as workers—with a joint income of £390 per year they have advantages which were denied them on an income consisting of the father's wage alone.

It will hardly be contended that these people are belonging



to the "deserving poor," or that the Government's scheme at all adequately deals with that section of the State to which every one is desirous of rendering assistance.

The poor and ill-paid casual labourer class are placed at a great disadvantage; involved in an expense they cannot afford to pay, yet needing more than any other class the help of the State. A Friendly Society can give sick benefits of 7s. 6d. per week and an average of £12 at death for 3d. per week. Why should a worker in the "Casual Labourer Class" be called upon to pay 7d. per week for 10s. a week and no benefit at death under the Government scheme?

It is the custom of people to enter Sick and Burial Societies quite early in life, and it appears to be the policy of the Government to destroy these institutions without giving the members any real advantage in return.

It cannot be held that people, and especially the rising generation, are going to join two clubs; one consisting of their Friendly Society, the other a compulsory State Insurance scheme, with an increased cost of commodities forced upon them, following upon increased cost of production. In addition to this their trades organisation will call for maintenance. No increased security of employment can possibly arise from this scheme; advance in wages will be more difficult of achievement, and competitive power is bound to be curtailed. When bad trade comes along, and the workman is earning half wages under short time, he will be compelled to pay his full contribution of 4d. and the employer 3d. This lends itself to the discharging of half the men, and running the concern on full time with the remainder in order to cut down the contribution. If the price of commodities is increased, then the worker will pay the employer's subscription in addition to his own, with his share of the State contribution as well. Therefore, it appears in this light that the workers are to be called upon under the State to pay a far greater sum for just the same benefit they can now obtain as individuals under Friendly Society management. The deserving poor are not reached. They are outside Mr. Lloyd George's scheme; he knows them not.

However attractive the proposal may seem at first sight, examination reveals the lack of accurate knowledge of the actual economic conditions governing our industrial workers which is responsible for such a loosely-constructed system, under which the workers are asked to believe that poverty and want shall vanish from our land. The multiplicity of inspectors and officials will all fall as a charge upon the worker. Smart dodges will be introduced into the mills and workshops calculated to confound the Government official, which will render the efficient working of the Bill well-nigh impossible; and while the operative will be called upon to find the money for these men's wages, they will have nothing whatever to do with appointing them to their positions. Evidently the Government thinks the parties concerned are not capable of providing them, and very considerably undertakes this duty from them.

Let us turn our attention to the question of Unemployed Insurance. This part of the Government's scheme again fails utterly to grip the problem it purports to solve.

Unemployment chronic and long standing is not to be remedied by Government paying a sum of 6s. to 8s. for a period not exceeding fifteen weeks. Every unemployed man is a charge upon his employed brother; and the robbing of the employed to maintain the unemployed is no solution of the problem, as all concerned are poorer in the end. It is only by the introduction of a scheme whereby the root-causes of this social cancer can be reached, that the good of the whole industrial population at large can be made the best insurance of the individual interests of all. Some relief, it is true, may be gained in cases of temporary unemployment such as is inseparable from change in seasons and other like

circumstances for which the workman himself is in no way responsible. Still, much as this may be desired, the real economic problem remains in the main untouched by these palliative proposals. One cannot very well stand still and accept the theory of Sir Charles Wright Macara, who says, "Unemployment is an act of God." To accept this would be to admit that finality has been reached, and that Government is an impotent factor in dealing with that which lack of direction and regulation has undoubtedly produced. To create an evil—which has been born of the changing channels of our industry from skilled to sweated trades—and then propose as a remedy the Government's measure, is unsound national economy, and at best a mere tinkering with the symptoms, while the cause is left untouched. What sort of consolation is it to the young man, who has at great cost to his parents and the nation been through our technical schools, learned a trade, been reared to the position of a skilled workman willing and anxious to shoulder the responsibility of citizenship, and who through lack of employment is driven to emigrate, that, if he will hang on, a benign Administration will grant him from 6s. to 8s. for fifteen weeks until he can find employment? This after £200—at least—has been spent in training him to earn an honest living. What sort of political economy can it be that involves this nation in the expense of training and educating boys up to men and then perforce must either make a present of them to the United States of America, or dole out to them a pittance in lieu of the legitimate employment which our money has been spent in fitting them to follow? It appears to me that the best form of unemployment insurance would be the adoption of a policy which would obviate unemployment. To safeguard employment and wages is surely better than this feeble attempt at the protection of the unemployed, whereby the Government tax and penalise the hard-working, steady man, and drive armies of our most desirable workers out of the country, in the interest not of the legitimate tradesman, the skilled artisan, but rather that of the indifferent, inefficient, and incompetent. By all means let us assist the honest, industrious workman; let us so direct the trade policy that the fullest measure of regular employment comes his way. To claim that the life and property of every man should be safeguarded as being the first duty of Government, and then to leave out the means of obtaining a continuance of that life and property, is a mockery that the Chancellor's proposals cannot hide. It is simply playing with the existence of every worker. Every Trades Unionist knows it. The whole policy of their movement is based upon the very principle of trade defence I am contending for. The system of "out-of-work pay" is one of the sources of their strength.

The Chancellor knows this and his proposal is directed against their movement. Workmen cannot pay their Trade Union contributions, special levies, sick and burial contributions, and at the same time contribute to the Chancellor's scheme. No man can object to voluntary contributions; freedom and full liberty of action are the sovereign blessings we enjoy. To be compelled to pay without any option is not democratic, is not just, more especially when it is remembered that we are to pay very much more under a State scheme for benefits we now obtain under our own management, with full control over all that is done. It means a great weakening of the individual liberty of the subject, and the destruction of those very characteristics which have built our commercial supremacy and made the British workman the best in the world.

TOM SMITH, Organising Agent Lancashire and Cheshire Junior Unionists' Association, and Unionist Candidate for the Hyde Division of Cheshire.

## REVIEWS

## THE SISTER OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

*Martha, Lady Giffard: Her Life and Correspondence (1664-1722). A Sequel to the Letters of Dorothy Osborne.*  
 Edited by JULIA G. LONGE. With Preface by his  
 Honour JUDGE PARRY. Illustrated. (George Allen  
 and Sons. 15s. net.)

It is long since the perusal of a volume of memories has given so much pleasure or proved so enjoyable as those of Martha, Lady Giffard. The subject of the memories herself was no well-known historical personage who took a prominent part in the life of her day, nor was she one whose name has of itself persisted during the two centuries that have elapsed since her death. She lived a simple private life, devoting herself to the interests, first, of her brother and his family, and, secondly, of her friends. The picture which stands out from this volume of letters is that of a sister for whom any brother would be grateful, and of a friend who should have been to those who had the good fortune to possess her the most treasured of all possessions. Merely as the diary of an unknown lady of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the light it throws on the domestic life of the country gentlemen and women of that period, the book deserves a warm welcome, for what might otherwise have appeared merely as a dry and little interesting record has been vivified and warmed by the glow of life which the editor has breathed into it. Apart from these more general considerations, however, the book will prove invaluable to a large circle for the charming picture it gives of the *vie intime* of Sir William Temple, the diplomatist and author, and of his wife, Dorothy Osborne, the brother and sister-in-law of the nominal heroine of the volume.

Lady Giffard was left a widow a few months after her marriage. From the death of her husband she went to live with her brother, and remained with him until his death. Thus a considerable portion of the book consists not only of the life of Lady Giffard, but also of the private life of Sir William Temple and of Dorothy Osborne. Under the same roof lived for a long period Jonathan Swift and "Stella," and others, and of these interesting personages also we get, not occasional glimpses, but long-sustained accounts.

Lady Giffard's letters possess a special charm of their own, and this charm is increased by the setting, for which the editor is responsible. Miss Longe has given herself full rein in her task. The connecting narrative far exceeds the space occupied by the letters themselves. Her narrative, it is true, is often a little disordered and wandering. We may best describe the editor's method as feminine. But it must not be thought that this arrangement, or want of arrangement, diminishes the charm or the interest of the pages. The book is not one for serious study: to pass a pleasant afternoon, or series of afternoons, few if any recent volumes would prove more valuable.

From a work of this description quotation, if kept within limits, is difficult. Once embarked upon that pursuit it is very hard to know when to cease. Satisfactory selection of passages is also impossible, yet no notice of this volume can be considered complete, no matter what limits may be laid down by the reviewer, unless it gives at least one passage in the words of the writer and another in those of her editor. The account of the Great Plague as it affected the Temple household, early in the book, calls for attention. Temple had gone abroad on diplomatic business, leaving his household at home at Sheen. The plague soon spread there, and one of the servants was attacked. Thereupon Lady Temple and

her sister-in-law resolved to remove to London. In London, of course, the condition of affairs was far worse:—

They found a dismal scene there, soe many houses shut up with crosses upon the doors, as they passed into the town, the people in them crying and wringing their hands at the windows, the bells all day tolling, the streets almost empty of everything but funerals, that were perpetually passing by, the difficulty of finding a lodging from the fright everybody was in of receiving the infection with them, few going thither on any other occasion but flying from it at home, people coming in like Job's messengers all day, with one sad story before another was ended. Yt. after two dayes spent in this dismal place they ventured to go home and trust with God's Almighty's blessing what the use of care and cordials could do to preserve them at home. Above all the great one of resolving whatever happened never to leave one another, and with this and God Almighty's blessing on the family, they recovered ye servant and continued all the rest of them in perfect health, and though I hope nothing so dreadful will ever again befall my country it may not be thought wholly impertinent to set down the methods wch under God I thought they owed their preservation to wch I think a greate part was the cordiall of Sir Walter Raleighs found in most Recipe Books a soveraigne (remedy) . . . against the Plague, which they made and gave a spoonful or two of it round the house every morning, burnt Burgamot Spirit, and made as many servants as they could after ye smoke was gone take tobacco for a great part of ye day, strew'd rue in ye windows and heid myrrh in their mouths when they came anywhere that they apprehended infection.

Miss Longe in her comment on this passage emphasises Lady Giffard's modesty, which sinks her personality in the "we" or the "they" of her narrative.

In another passage Miss Longe draws a moral illustrating the character of her heroine. The occasion to which she refers is that immediately following the death of that brother to whose welfare Lady Giffard had devoted practically the whole of her life. Dorothy and all their children had predeceased him, and the sister was now left alone:—

So in the dead of a chill January night Lady Giffard found herself alone. The chief object of her life was over; the man who had been the centre of her existence—practically all her life—was gone. His suffering life was ended, but she had long to live and much to suffer.

Miss Longe quotes from the letters which were written to her in her bereavement, and comments:—

Such letters are not written to exacting and self-seeking people. . . . Busy men in high position, and with full lives themselves, thought of her, and for her, and made plans for her advantage.

In the course of these pages many an interesting sidelight is thrown on public life in the days to which they relate. Temple was more than once offered office in the Ministry, but on accepting it he would have had to buy out his predecessor in office. On one occasion his friends offered to lend him £6,000, the price asked by Arlington for the vacation of the office. Apart from other reasons, however, Temple objected strongly to such a method of appointment, and he refused both offers. Many are the good anecdotes with which this volume abounds. It is related of the poet Waller, who had written an ode to the Protector, that after the Restoration he wrote another extolling the happiness which must necessarily follow that event. The King, who was well aware of Waller's previous connections, after reading the verses, said: "These verses are extremely good, but I think some of those you wrote to Cromwell were better." Waller was wanting in neither presence of mind nor wit. Bowing low, he replied: "Oh, may it please your Majesty,



we poets always write better on fiction than on truth." He kept and deserved the King's favour.

From another page we learn that the rent of a house of Sir William's had had to be reduced as "the value of the house is decreased owing to the Duchess of Marlborough having a house at the bottom of the garden." The Duchess was the great Sarah, and her influence on Sir William Temple's rent must give rise to many a well or ill founded suspicion. There are other passages touching on the great Duchess. One of the most pleasing is the following extract from a letter from the Duchess of Somerset, her rival, written after the death of the great Duke:—

I don't wonder she is in great affliction for him, for she married him for love, and he has always made her see good a return as to deserve a continuance of her kindness, and tho' his ill health had very much affected his understanding, yet he had still enough to make him sensible of the care she had of him, and there is nothing sadder so near as the parting with an old friend.

The book is embellished with many good portraits. A genealogical tree showing the connection between Sir William Temple and Lord Palmerston closes the volume, with which one is sincerely sorry to part.

## A HANDBOOK OF GOTHIC ART

*Gothic Architecture in England and France.* By the REV. G. H. WEST. (G. Bell and Sons. 6s. net.)

In the preface this book is described as a handbook rather than an encyclopædia. Its author is a clergyman, and also an architect. Its essential feature is an appreciation of the historic parallelism of Gothic methods in England and France, including a comparison of the divergencies in design and detail of Gothic structures in the allied countries. The introduction contains an interesting discussion of the problem of church building from the point of view of the material locally available. Owing to the difficulties and cost of transport, the early architect was, of course, largely dependent on the district of his labours for the raw material to be used in construction. In cases in which these obstacles were overcome, and exotic stone, &c., were employed we have evidence of growing wealth and enterprise. The present writer has at the moment to deal with the problem of constructing a railway in close vicinity to a noble Gothic cathedral. His first glance at Mr. West's book was therefore to see if the word "foundations" occurred in the Index. It does not, and the author is silent on this branch of his subject. It may perhaps be argued that the design of typical structures does not necessarily involve a discussion of the varying conditions of platform on which such structures are intended to rest. Part I. of the book consists of four admirable chapters devoted to details of design. In Part II. the author attacks his subject from the historical side. With great skill he draws the moral of the inbred idealism of the Latin race type, as reflected in French Gothic architecture, comparing this with the inveterate makeshift of the Teuton, as illustrated by corresponding church work on this side of the Channel. The author's nearest approach to a definition of the principles of Gothic art is given on page 199, where he states four canons of construction, in which he says the race characteristics of the Norman builder are enshrined. Few will agree with A. H. Clough:—

Come, leave your Gothic worn-out story,  
San Giorgio and the Redentore,  
I from no building gay or solemn  
Can spare the shapely Grecian column.

He must indeed be dull of soul who is not stirred by the ethereal loveliness of a high-soaring poem in stone such as a great Gothic cathedral. All architectural work unconsciously reflects the character of the ideals of its designers. It is probable that the men who reared the stately cathedrals, which are the delight not of an age but for all time, and which were centres of refuge against tyranny, in turn helped to plan feudal castles and their oubliettes. They were men to whom personal liberty, in the modern sense of the word, was anathema. The author's field of observation is largely technical and detailed. Here and there the voice of the clergyman predominates, but the scope of his inquiry hardly brings into prominence a sense of that mysterious spirit-call, in the strength of which the monkish creator and his master-builder or lay-associate strove to materialise their dreams and visions of a temple not made with hands. To them and to the mason who worked at their side the labour was of love and high ideal. The maker of architectural handbooks is apt to treat his subject as if the distinctive features of building construction were parts of a puzzle to be fitted together, rather than as the creation of an imperative inspiration.

A particularly interesting historical sidelight is that (pp. 51-2) in which the author shows how the funds for building English cathedrals and churches were obtained from the stream of pilgrims to the relics and shrines of saints, whereas the great works of France were largely due to the efforts of organised guilds of artificers. The mediæval guild was the lineal descendant of the Roman *collegium*, and, as the City Stone of Chichester demonstrates, that institution had an English home as early as the first century. The author traces primitive church architecture back to Roman domestic buildings. In view of recent investigations of the planning of temples, such as Stonehenge, and the theories to which these have given rise, the domestic basis of church architecture must be regarded as a secondary solution of the matter. Its root idea is lost in the mists that hang about the lichen-grown stones left by unknown races of men. Mr. West describes in an interesting way the refinement and skill of the poise of French thirteenth-century Gothic, as illustrated in the "supreme but splendid folly" of Beauvais Cathedral. This book may be commended to the thousands of visitors who will this summer be spending a rambling holiday in England and France. Its more technical portions will not appeal to them, but for purposes of comparative study the book will be of much service to the architectural amateur. To professional architects its value lies in the condensed information it affords. It is largely a compilation, in which detailed observation is focussed. It compresses much matter into small compass. The parallel lists of English and French Gothic buildings, with their respective dates of construction, are a very happy idea. The book is profusely illustrated, and the illustrations are admirable and excellently reproduced, but it is a pity that they are not printed on better paper.

## STYLE, SUPERMEN, CANNIBALISM, AND A PHILOSOPHER

*The Philosophy of a Don.* By G. F. ABBOTT. (Stephen Swift. 5s. net.)

In the "Philosophy of a Don" Mr. G. F. Abbott has achieved the impossible. Posing as an Englishman, a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar, he compares himself with the highly sophisticated, slightly attired, contemplative cow, ruminating at leisure over the boundless pastures of creation; and further, he describes himself thus in his preliminary essay entitled "Heretics." "I am not great enough to be

careless, nor small enough to be reckless, of public opinion. I have a certain reputation for respectability to maintain, and I cannot afford the luxury of individuality. I am a Don." This being so, as we implicitly believe, from the first word to the last of this pyrotechnical book, Mr. Abbott has achieved the impossible in that he has provided us with several hours of immense enjoyment, of great laughter, and given us enough quotations to last us for a year.

A born essayist, a keen observer, and a writer endowed with a witty and epigrammatic pen, Mr. G. F. Abbott, who is palpably Oxford and, we should think, unobtrusively Balliol, has thrown his essays into a quite original form. By conducting a series of intimate conversations with two typical great men whom he has taken infinite care that we shall not recognise by calling them Shav and Chestnuton, he has strung his pearls together on a sort of rope, and has given to a volume which might otherwise have been dry the flavour of fiction. His readers get to know the two poseurs Shav and Chestnuton, and take a keen delight in the way in which Mr. Abbott, in his self-abdicating rôle of Don, pours common sense upon their swollen heads. "You are," says Shav to his apparently humble admirer, "and always will be, one of the semi-colours of life—a piece of conventional mediocrity with a blameless record, a spotless collar, a prosperous banking account and a stiff outlook." This is the way in which Boanerges Shav always talks. Ordinary people would call it excessively rude, but when we remember that Shav is an Irishman and a man who throws most of his journalism into dramatic form, and who, in addition to these things, is a vegetarian, it is foolish to call him rude. The word is eccentric. His own word would be great. Mr. Abbott, anticipating Nemesis, kills and buries Mr. B. Shav, and in these epoch-making lines sums him up:—

A turbulent humourist, an intellectual anarchist, an ego maniac of the first magnitude—a man who considered the centrifugal caprices of the individual the supreme test of virtue and the quest of his own good a sufficient excuse for making other people uncomfortable—a unique anomaly of whom no counterfeit can even be attempted with any shadow or hope of success.

Where did Shav derive his singular perversity from? Was it an inherent or an inherited infirmity? Most people declare that it was an outcome of his Irish birth. But I, who knew him better than most people, could never accept that explanation. For if Shav was Irish for England, he was also too English for Ireland. He was an alien in this, an outcast from John Bull's other island, an undesirable in both. He was, as one might say, a man of no country, no creed, no age. He was just Shav—a monadic nomad, or a nomadic monad; a unit of discontent unattached, unlabelled, unappreciated, and unprofitable, disporting itself in a social vacuum; a naughty ghost, noisily wandering in a Hades of its own creation, and there pursuing in a restless, erratic, superior fashion a cult that it considered higher than any culture. He was immensely popular in Peckham Rye, and I have no doubt he would have been equally popular at Westminster. There all his peculiar powers might have found a congenial field for fruition; his lightning rapidity of thought, his unhesitating readiness in repartee, his superb command of invective, his bitterness, his truculence, his colossal confidence in himself, real or apparent, and his total contempt for everybody else—all these gifts would probably have stood him in good stead, provided, of course, he remained in perpetual opposition. His fatal mischance of a field of activity robbed English politics of an entertaining figure and endowed English letters of an irritating solecism. Oh, the pity and the pathos of it!

Mr. Abbott's witty and satirical analysis of his other purely imaginary character, who writes thousands upon thousands of easy paradoxes for many of the weekly papers and for all the first numbers of papers which one seems

to read, all the while drinking port wine and deploring the death of poetry, must be read to be appreciated. The conversations with these two people upon life in Boetia, upon a plea for plagiarism, in praise of poverty, on degeneracy, the stage, Imperial ideals, the British oak, arms and the superman, and a hundred other things, make most excellent reading. It is not difficult to imagine that "The Philosophy of a Don," while causing Homeric laughter in the Savile Club, will bring down upon it the virulent abuse of Adelphi Terrace and Peckham Rye. Mr. Stephen Swift is to be congratulated upon having given it to the world.

## ABSOLUTE CRITICISM AND EDMUND SPENSER

*The Critics of Edmund Spenser.* By HERBERT E. CORY.  
(University of California Publications in Modern Philology. Berkeley, U.S.A. The University Press. \$1.)

MR. CORY, avowedly in quest of the "absolute method of criticism," provides us with an illuminating experiment. He attempts to put before us the true estimate of Spenser by a comparative study of the judgments that literary criticism has produced during the three centuries since the poet's time. He is of course fortunate in his example, for few of the great English writers have endured the whole history of English Literary Criticism, or have weathered the changing climates of so many eras and thought-movements. We stand now at a very convenient remove from Spenser's day, and it would be a much more difficult, if equally fascinating, task to determine in like manner the quality, say, of Browning, or even of Shelley. Nevertheless, that the method is instructive and valuable appears abundantly in the course of Mr. Cory's present study.

Criticism is apt to be biassed not only by the individual taste of the critic, but also by that indefinable *zeitgeist* which works so subtly in all ages. The very qualities which are the worship of one age are often the execration of the next. Spenser's poetry was born in what the essayist calls the Age of Enthusiasm. It was the dawn of a National Literature, when anything English was greeted with whole-hearted praise. There is scarcely a dissonant note, therefore, in all the chorus of adulation which characterises the period immediately succeeding Spenser's own time. It is extravagant with a unanimity that is nowadays rare. One admirer places him forthright with Theocritus and Virgil, while another pits him bravely against the world; even shrewd Drayton couples him with Homer.

Then, as a natural reaction, comes an Age of Reason, when the real spirit of criticism awakes. Rugged Ben Jonson leads the way, and Spenser's archaisms, his disregard of the *cæsura*, his didactic tone, and his allegorical method, all come in for adverse discussion. The break-up of the old ideals follows with what Mr. Cory distinguishes as the Age of Literary Anarchy. He makes the chaos of this period the subject of a piquant parallel:—

It is a breach of decorum now to try to believe less than five conflicting theories at once. . . . Science has destroyed religion, we wail. But never was the world so full of creeds, innumerable variations of Christianity, the worship of mankind, the worship of the superman, the worship of the Unknown God, neo-paganism, the religion of a literary man, the religion of an undergraduate, the religion of the free-thinking proprietor of a country grocery store. We have a magnificent choice. We preach democracy and practise oligarchy. . . . Never was the human mind in a more active and a more healthy state. So



it was at the close of the seventeenth century. "Hallelujah!" shouted the Elizabethans. "But hold," murmured the rationalists. After that the deluge.

Many distinct schools began to form, and between them all Spenser's importance begins to wane; with the emergence of Dryden, however, comes a more distinct note. He blames Spenser's lack of unity, and the "ill choice of his stanzas;" but judges him "established in" his "reputation," though here again the queer distortion of contemporary criticism appears in his naming Waller as superior to Spenser.

The interest of the subject deepens with the rise of the Neo-Classicism. Mr. Cory claims that Spenser exercised a greater influence on the Augustans than he afterwards did on the Romanticists; in reality each age took only a partial view of the poet—that, of course, which best suited it—and it is curious to compare the respective judgments. The Neo-Classicalists emphasised beauties in Spenser that were lost on the Romanticists. The former loved his fidelity to Virgil, and deplored his "debauchery" by Ariosto; while the latter, when their day came, praised him for his debt to the Italians, and regretted his Latin "blemishes." His didactic tone and his allegorical method are his chief excellences to the Augustans. But when the Romantic Revival came, the boot was on the other leg. He is now sought "rather as a poet of ardent emotion and sensuous glow than as a poet of vast moral visions"; his appeal is to the "feelings of the heart rather than the cold approbation of the head." He is even conceived as a true Romanticist blushing for his enthusiasm, and cloaking his romance in morals to hide his shame.

There is no attempt at a conclusive summary or final statement on the part of the essayist; he leaves the reader to form his own judgment. His own leanings, however, are sufficiently apparent. He has no sympathies with the modern cult of *l'Art pour l'Art*: indeed, he often pauses to launch a bolt at the doctrine.

Our present-day romanticists sometimes look upon Spenser askance because of his idealism, and sum it up with the accusation that he has no human interest. They think this because present-day romanticism often means the reverse of idealism. . . . It is certainly true that contemporary romanticists need a revival of sentimentalism as badly as the eighteenth century, though for a different reason. The Augustans were hard because they believed in repression and glittering reason. Present-day romanticists are hard because they are jaded and do not respond to normal emotions. And better for us than sentimentalism would be the beautiful idealism of Edmund Spenser. His sweet leisureliness would cure us of our literary dyspepsia induced by our breathless short-story technique which we admire with such blind exclusiveness. His profound moral consciousness would impress us again with the high function of poetry and make us laugh at Art for Art's sake.

We are occasionally startled by a queer Americanism, such as "disgruntled" (!) and "nearby." There are misprints on pp. 125, 133, and 134—where Allan Ramsay hides under the alias of "Aamsay;" but these are small flaws, and the essay is well worth reading to all who are interested in literary criticism.

## HISTORICAL NOVELS

*A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales.* By JONATHAN NIELD. (Elkin Mathews. 8s. net.)

PERHAPS the most favourable criticism that can be passed upon a book of this description is to call attention to the fact that it is now in a fourth edition, having first been published nine years ago. This survival, coupled with the announcement that the work is now in its sixth thousand,

shows that, in the first place, Mr. Nield has supplied a real need, and, secondly, has satisfied it adequately. If there were no desire for a bibliography of this description, which must needs be caviare to the general, the book would never have passed beyond a first edition if it had ever been published at all. Unless Mr. Nield had dealt with his subject adequately, the second edition at best would certainly have been the last.

Beyond a practical criticism of the character of the foregoing, it is hardly possible to give an adequate notice of a work of this description. No matter how exhaustive the author may be, or how careful and judicious in his selection, he can at the best represent but his own opinion, which inevitably in many respects differs from those of others. The critic on his part also has views as to which works should be included in and which omitted from a list such as this, and if the views of both author and critic coincide, the coincidence would indeed be astonishing. To indicate the books which should, in the opinion of the present writer, have found place in a list of the principal historical novels of the English language would therefore be a useless task, for his selection must inevitably differ from the choice of his readers, and would be little likely to prove more satisfactory to them than is Mr. Nield's list, which, moreover, holds the field. Concerning this list, however, a few details are in place. First, it may be stated that the book has grown in the course of its four editions from 132 pages to 540. The stories noticed in it are grouped in chronological sequence. First come those dealing with the Pre-Christian era; then the first century, second century, &c. Previous to the thirteenth century historical events have given but little inspiration to the novelist, but from that period onwards it would appear that the writer of fiction has made far greater use of the muse of history. Other features of the volume are a list of semi-historical novels, an index of authors and another of titles, a bibliography of books and articles on the subject of the historical novel, a list of fifty "Representative Historical Novels," a long list of selected historical novels for children, supplemented by notes on juvenile literature.

The task of Mr. Nield and other bibliographers in this field is in many respects a difficult one, for at some periods there is a plethora of works, out of which the compiler must needs make only a selection, while at others historical novels are so few and scanty as to make the period almost a desert, and historical novels thrice-welcome oases. Even in these bald patches Mr. Nield has, however, exercised a wise and careful discretion, and has rigorously excluded all works which fall short of the standard which he has set. The difficulty of defining the historical novel, of course, often arises, and Mr. Nield offers the following solution. He includes in that category works which respond to the following definition:—"A novel is rendered historical by the introduction of dates, personages, or events to which identification can be readily given." Novels which give merely the general atmosphere of a period, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," or Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," he relegates to a supplementary list of "Semi-Historical Novels." Mr. Nield puts well the case for the historical novel as a means of educating the young:—

Where the text-book fails in arousing interest the tale may succeed, and, once the spirit of inquiry has been stimulated, half the battle is gained. In saying this I am far from wishing to imply that the reading of romances can ever take the place of genuine historical study. I know well that such a book as Green's "Short History of the English People" may prove to some more fascinating than any novel. There are, however, cases in which recourse may be had to a high-class work of fiction for the attainment of a truer historic sense; while taken only as *supplement* to more strictly academic reading, such a work may prove to have its uses.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

## A CONFERENCE OF CRANKS

*Nationalities and Subject Races.* Report of Conference held in Caxton Hall, Westminster, June 28th-30th, 1910. (P. S. King and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is, after all, a charitable view to term this conference, a report of the proceedings of which is before us, a Conference of Cranks, for it is to be regretted that many who took a prominent part in the discussions are far more dangerous than cranks, and our principal object in noticing this report is to warn readers against the harmful doctrines advocated by many of the speakers. To be patient with them is often difficult. With all the effort in the world to sympathise with the self-appointed spokesmen of "oppressed" nationalities one can find nothing in common with, for instance, the Hon. William Gibson, who, we believe, is the son and heir of Lord Ashbourne. Speaking on "Ireland's Greatest Need," which, judging by his remarks, is himself, he is reported to have said—after addressing the gathering in Irish, "my national language," and French "as a protest against the idea that English is the language of international relations"—that the conditions in which he found himself forced him to have recourse to the English language, "the tongue of the stranger . . . much as I dislike the language. But I must remind my hearers that there is only one use an Irishman could have for this tongue, and that is to lay it about the back of the stranger himself." Mr. Gibson is, however, not satisfied with this balderdash. He continues, "There is one language which has been a persecution to me ever since my childhood. It has done serious damage to my mouth, tongue, throat, and organs of respiration." Presumably the organisers of the Conference, once they had saddled themselves with Mr. Gibson, could not prevent him from giving utterance to this nonsense from their platform; but it is surprising that they troubled to print the rubbish which, according to their report, composed practically the whole of his address. In our turn we must remind our readers that Mr. Gibson is not a boy of sixteen, but a man of middle age.

Mr. Gibson's speech is, after all, but harmless nonsense. The same cannot, however, be said, for instance, of that of Mohamed Bey Farid, the Egyptian Nationalist, who was subsequently committed to prison on account of his seditious writings. We do not propose to follow this individual in his diatribe against English rule in Egypt with which he regaled the Conference. It will be sufficient to indicate his attitude by pointing out his reference to the foul murder of the Egyptian Premier as "the unfortunate act of Wardani."

Egypt, India, Morocco, Finland, Persia, Georgia, Ireland, and Poland are the countries with which the various papers read before the Conference, and reprinted here, deal. England and Russia are the two principal States which are held up to the opprobrium of the world. The bracketing of these two Empires by itself shows how far removed from the realities of life are the organisers of this precious Conference.

*The Coast Scenery of North Devon.* Being an Account of the Geological Features of the Coast-line Extending from Porlock in Somerset to Boscastle in North Cornwall. By E. A. NEWELL ARBER, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ARBER is the most companionable of geologists. He makes the earth's crust digestible for the most dyspeptic of intellects. The reason of this is that he is an artist, with an

eye no less for the wood than for the trees; if we have permitted ourselves a rather loose description of the *materia geologica*, we may console ourselves with the reflection that geology is as special in its use of terms as Humpty-Dumpty. Turning to the Appendix of this book we find, for instance, that the word "rock," of whose proverbial connotation hardness is the chief member, denotes, among other things, so soft a substance as clay. Mr. Arber has written avowedly for a double public, for the layman and for the savant, with all the intermediate shades, the tyro, the dilettante, and the merely curious. We would recommend, however, to the extreme parties divergent methods of approaching the subject; the initiated may begin at the beginning, and will probably skip the more elementary parts; the less instructed would do well to begin at the end, where he will find the groundwork of the whole edifice, and a catalogue of the obscurities. Better still, he will look through the excellent and original photographs, which are sown through the book with no unsparing hand, before turning to the concise information of the final chapters and appendices. But this counsel is almost too obvious to be worth the making; the pictures would attract, even if they had no scientific message to give. The later chapters, with their more general point of view, contain important and original work on the evolution of coastal waterfalls, the marine denudation of inclined and folded rocks, and other interesting and difficult points. To each of the earlier chapters, where the various districts are discussed in detail, is appended a very useful itinerary in the Baedeker style, with indications of routes and means of accommodation. The only feature of the book to which we are inclined to take exception is the system of referring to plates and diagrams by their numbers, without indicating the page. As Lector says to the gifted Auctor of "The Path to Rome," "It is not easy to watch the book in two places at once." Here it is inevitable, and we admit it; but we should like a little of the weathering processes, of which the work is so full, called into action to make the rough places smooth for us. Plate xlv. we found particularly elusive.

*Medical Revolution: A Plea for National Preservation of Health based upon the Natural Interpretation of Disease.* By SYDNEY W. MACILWAINE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Retired). (P. S. King and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE do not think that the author's views expressed in this book will attract any more attention or cause more upheaval in the medical profession than they appear to have effected in the past. Mr. MacIlwaine wishes to classify disease according to its ultimate causation and not by any one conspicuous pathological process; the former depends on a multitude of factors, and the result of his efforts would therefore be chaos. Any improvement in treatment would be absent, for the intelligent practitioner seeks a cause whatever be the name of a disease, while the unintelligent medical man—for whose benefit the reform is presumably intended—is under any circumstances futile. There do not seem to be any definite reforms proposed in regard to the relations of the general practitioner and the specialist, and advancement in preventive medicine is not brought into consideration, for there appear to be no suggestions as to how to advise humanity with regard to avoiding illness.

*Gasc's Little Gem Dictionary of the French and English Languages.* Edited by MARC CEPLI. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.)

As its name implies, this is the smallest of the various forms in which Gasc's well-known French and English



Dictionary is issued by the publishers. Consisting of nearly three hundred pages, it is handy in size, and will take up but little room in a breast-pocket. It is necessarily very concise, and the choice of words is thereby limited; but nevertheless they are extremely well chosen, and the booklet should prove a useful pocket-companion. We note a mistake that has crept in on page 14, where "bluet, s.m. (bot.)" is translated as "blue-bottle." It should, of course, be "cornflower," in the botanical sense. We have always found Gasc well up to date, and during the many years we have used the parent work we have seldom found it fail us.

## FICTION

*Tabloid Tales.* By LOUISE HEILGERS. With Preface by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., and Portrait Frontispiece. (Odhams, Ltd. 1s. net.)

THE astute Mr. Bottomley announces in his "word of Preface" that Miss Heilgers "is the only female writer of short stories at the present day." As this collection of sixty-four "Tabloid Tales" is dedicated to the "considerate editor" of *John Bull* himself, it might be thought that he was unduly prepossessed in the fair authoress's favour when making this sweeping assertion. Without agreeing with it *in toto*, we may, however, unhesitatingly go so far as to admit that this little volume places Miss Heilgers in the front rank of English short-story writers. These homœopathic doses of fiction, which have previously helped to fill a column or two in various publications, deal cunningly with life in its multifarious phases, and display a remarkable knowledge of the complexity of human nature. Miss Heilgers does not mince her words; her language is always plain and to the point. Hence the pictures she draws of frail humanity are delineated with no uncertain hand, and appear vividly before the reader. Mr. Bottomley singles out for special mention the short story "Albert George," and it is certainly deserving of all his commendation. It is curious that a young lady of culture should have acquired such an insight into the low life of this vast metropolis. "A Few Hours" is a powerful story of quite another kind; and so is "Anna of the White Hands," in which we learn that "to dream of heaven when one is in hell does not bring heaven nearer, but only adds to the torture of the damned." A creepy ghost-story is "The House with the Crimson Creeper." And, though somewhat unequal, the majority of the other "Tabloid Tales" are sure to find many appreciative readers.

*Alistair.* By MARIE STAR. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

WHEN we say that Mrs. Star has written a pretty and descriptive little story round her hero we think that we have said as much as it is possible to say in praise of "Alistair." Of plot there is next to none, the main aim of the book apparently being the putting forward of several Buddhistic tenets. For instance, Gismonda, who acts as a sort of foster-mother to Alistair, teaches him that if during this life he attains "the power to suffer with resignation and to rise above misfortune by self-renunciation" he "may not have to undergo another incarnation on this unhappy planet." She herself lived in the hope that she had attained to this great height, but Alistair's grief moves her so deeply on her death-bed that she promises to offer a prayer to be reincarnated for his benefit. Many years later Alistair meets her again in the person of Gladys, who suddenly turns pale, opens her eyes wide, and would have fallen into a trance had not Alistair blown "lightly upon her eyes" and otherwise

endeavoured to dispel the dream, much to Gladys's dismay. After a few meetings and partings Alistair and Gladys are eventually married and live permanently in Gismonda's castle in Italy. Let us hope that they will suffer all their trials with resignation, and so not be forced again to dwell "on this unhappy planet," especially as Alistair promises on page 103 "another translation later on of the works of Omar Khayyám."

*The Ninth Duchess.* By GURNER GILLMAN. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

IN a foreword the author tells us that he has written "The Ninth Duchess" in obedience to the wishes of his public, who, following the publication of "Her Suburban Highness," wrote asking him to take them to Garstein again—Garstein being a Grand Duchy in Germany. We have not had the advantage of reading "Her Suburban Highness," but the present volume deals with an English duke of the early Georgian period, the Grand Duke of Garstein, and a prince and princess, his son and daughter. It is another version of the "Taming of the Shrew," and is full of life throughout.

Gentlemen are killed by the hero without any questions being asked or coroners' inquests. The age of chivalry, however, had not quite passed away as the hero, after a terrific sword-fight, killed his man, and with courtly grace soothed his dying moments by telling him he had fought like a gentleman; and then, folding his arms on his breast and laying his sword by his side, left him. It is a very well-written book of its kind, and we hope the author's readers will be as equally satisfied with it as they appear to have been with his former work.

*For a Woman's Honour.* By CHRISTOPHER WILSON. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

TO relate anything of the actual plot of this story, which is a detective one of somewhat uncommon type, would be impossible without telling the tale in full, for almost with every page there is some fresh incident, which complicates the solution of the problem. Perhaps in dealing with such a book it may be considered hypercritical to cavil at any lack of plausibility; the reading public who wish to while away an hour or two really do not care whether the characters in a novel are according to life or purely fiction. At the same time, to read of a distinguished physician who calmly takes the law into his own hands and poisons any patient he considers undesirable, and to be told of a Cabinet Minister who is ready to plunge his country into war in order that he may rid himself of a military leader whose wife he covets—well, perhaps it is as well that such people dwell only in the realms of romance. One thing is certain, Mr. Wilson is never dull.

*The Soul of the Moor.* By STRATFORD D. JOLLY. (W. Rider and Son. 2s. net.)

THERE really is not much to be said about a book like this. It is a kind of spiritualistic "shocker" written for the benefit of those who are interested in hypnotism, clairvoyance, transmission of souls, and the occult in general. The author displays no literary skill, and it is difficult for the ordinary sceptic to find his story anything but a little mad and extremely tiresome. The elect will probably object to his sensational treatment of the mysteries that occupy their terrestrial minds.

## THE THEATRE

"THE FATHER" AT THE REHEARSAL  
THEATRE

IN selecting this difficult play of Strindberg's for exposition on Sunday evening last the Adelphi Play Society showed considerable courage. Psychological discussion carried to extremes, at times approaching the ponderosity of a medical treatise when the questions of fatherhood and motherhood are concerned, make for boredom in the listener unless the exponents are true artists; and when insanity is added to the bill, to convey the necessary sense of horror and fear and despair across the footlights requires unusual nicety of acting. Overdo it, and the tragedy becomes a farce at once; under-act it, and the effect is as dull as though the words were read by emotionless amateurs.

Fortunately the talent of the Adelphi Players was equal to the task—if only just equal. We prefer Mr. Maurice Elvey in lighter parts, such as his delightful interpretation of Percinet; but, despite the disadvantage of having been compelled to take the leading rôle of Adolf, the cavalry captain, at short notice, he fairly well expressed the harassed mind, the desperate fears, of the father horribly uncertain of the love of wife and child. Mrs. Alice Chapin as Laura was calm and cutting; once or twice during the evening a little more energy in her retorts would have doubled their effect. Miss Hilda Honiss as Bertha, the daughter, showed hardly a fault; it was a pleasure to watch her apparently spontaneous movements and glances. Dr. Ostermark, who has to listen to both sides, and to judge between the wife's story and the husband's—a very trying part—was represented with dignity and discretion by Mr. Harold Chapin. His keen looks at the man he suspected of insanity, his fine scene with the irritating wife, his general demeanour, were all in thorough correspondence with the theme. Miss Marion Sterling, Mr. Townley Searle, and Mr. Leslie Gordon adequately portrayed Margaret, the nurse, Jonas, the pastor, and Nöjd, a trooper. Incidentally, when so fine an *artiste* as Miss Phyllis Emanuel renders the music of Chopin and Debussy in the intervals, why do nine-tenths of the audience immediately talk furiously and spoil completely the pleasure of the courteous tenth who desire to listen?

"The Father" may be ranked with those plays of Brieux which invariably force the stream of criticism into two diverse channels. To our mind, as we have pointed out in previous articles, questions and problems which verge on the province of the physician are better dealt with by other means than the art of the stage. There is a strong dramatic situation, of course, and in its presentment there is plenty of room for all the resources of capable and refined acting; but, when all is said, why should any audience be sent from the theatre with a sense of awful depression—a feeling that the most severe, most brutal aspect of human relationships has been carefully worked up, dissected, and exploited before their eyes in the name of art? A good many modern dramatists are busy at present turning up the mire, hunting for the ugly side of life, searching for material that shall show the withering of love, the fading of everything that is beautiful, the collapse of youthful dreams. Ibsen was a great man and a great artist, but his methods can be carried too far, his lessons can be learnt too well. In the name of art, let us have a little more sweetness and fragrance and harmony on our stage, a little leaven of the gracious and hopeful before the spirit of scientific investigation takes entire possession of the world.

## THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—VI.

By FRANK HARRIS

THOSE last exultant centuries of Christian faith have a singular appeal in them, an unearthly attraction. "Leave everything," cried Bernard, "fight the infidel, redeem the Sepulchre, and life beyond the grave, an eternity of bliss shall be your exceeding great reward." The world was quickened, thrilled with the Great Hope. That life of the Middle Ages which is regarded as so barren, so tedious, so dull, possessed nearly every interest that our life possesses, and was, besides, illumined, so to speak, by a sun which never set. The partition dividing this visible world from the world beyond the grave was so thin that the warm light of Paradise shone through and glorified all the squalid details of the earthly pilgrimage. There is to me an inexpressible pathos in a life all illumined by the beauty of a mirage. A sigh of the night wind and the vision vanishes, the pictured Paradise dislimns and fades and darkness covers the earth.

The spirit of man is unconquerable; the chief interest taken away, the sun gone out, so to speak; one finds new meaning in what is left, new glory in the stars. All through these ages, so-called, of Faith the ordinary business of man's life went on as usual; as usual he worked and ate and loved and died. And as the Heavenly Kingdom faded out of his thought and grew dim the real world became more beautiful and more wonderful to him and all the interests of life more absorbing, especially the chief interest—love.

Sainte-Beuve sees that sexual love has a larger place in modern life than it ever had before; he cannot understand why literature is becoming more sensual; this is the explanation. To us moderns love is the central sun of life; the fount of all art, all beauty, all delight; the soul of all our singing; the heart of all our hope.

The Middle Ages, too, had songs of war and love; the *trouvères* stirred the blood with Roland's death at Roncesvalles and brought tears to the eyes with the piteous tragedy of the Châtelaine de Vergy.

This romance of the Châtelaine told in Old French verse is one of the most charming love-stories in the world.

I should like to go back to the beginning and tell the whole of it, tell how that wise Alix of Burgundy, wife of Eude III., played Regent for eleven years (1218-29) during the minority of her son Hugue. She was thirty-five years of age when she took the helm of State in her firm white hands. There were debts to meet on all sides, debts for wars never completed, debts for crusades hardly contemplated. Alix began by swearing fidelity to the King of France, and, in order to set Philip's mind completely at rest, she even swore she would not contract a second marriage without his consent, and having thus ensured peace she set herself to clear off the debts. In four years she had paid every penny, and then she began to buy lordships and counties and lands to increase her son's estate. When Hugue came of age she retired to her own property at Prenois to live out her life quietly among her own people.

Hugue IV., her son, was a hot-tempered, passionate man, who, as the most powerful feudal chief in France, fought up and down the land till Pope Gregory himself was compelled to interfere and warn him "to cease disturbing the peace of a happy kingdom."

Amid all his wars he found time to marry twice and became hopelessly enamoured of his second wife, Beatrice of Champagne, as your hot-blooded men often do when they marry young women, in later middle life.

At this time Laure de Lorraine was Châtelaine of Vergy. The story goes that Laure fell passionately in love with a



young knight of the Court of Burgundy, but as she was married and compelled to prudence she had to find some way of meeting her lover without exciting suspicion. She showed feminine ingenuity in strategem: she trained her little dog to find her knight at a word, and when her husband went abroad the lovers used to meet in all security, and according to the old chronicler "took great delight in each other's beauty."

It soon got talked about at Court that this knight cared nothing for any woman, and his unwonted austere reserve excited curiosity: some said he was under a vow, others hinted at a shameful secret. Hearing the gossip, the Duchess Beatrice began to pay attention to him, and finding him "very noble and of splendid presence," she too presently fell in love with him and took occasion to declare her passion. But the knight sheltered himself under his duty to the Duke and declared flatly that nothing would induce him to betray so honest and kindly a lord. Thus scorned, the Duchess fell to hatred of the knight, and resolved to destroy him. She set about the work with womanly cunning:—

La nuit, quan ele fut couchie  
Jouste le duc, à souspirer  
Commença et puis à plorer,  
Et li dus errant li demande  
Que c'est qu'ele a, et li commande  
Qu'ele li die maintenant.

Which, being translated, means that when in bed with the Duke she began to sigh and then to sob, and when the Duke asked her what was the matter she replied that she had been insulted by the knight, who was sick with love of her and pursued her continually.

The Duke at once got up and called the knight to him, and charged him with the offence. The knight denied it. But the Duke told him roundly that his life witnessed against him. He reminded him that he never paid court to any one, and never carried any woman's favour, and declared that it had already been whispered about that his aloofness was due to some unhappy passion. Having thus convinced himself, he concluded angrily that unless the knight could free himself from the charge he would banish and outlaw him, so that any one might do him to death. The knight, seeing that in that case he must lose his love absolutely, resolved to tell the Duke the truth:—

Ses venues et ses alées  
Et la convenance première,  
Et du petit chien la manière.

He related the whole story of his passion and described the little dog as go-between. He told it all under the condition of the strictest secrecy. The Duke, however, insisted that seeing was believing, and so on the following night he hid himself behind some trees and witnessed the meeting of the two lovers, who had been brought together as usual by the little dog.

When the Duchess Beatrice learned that the Duke was not going to revenge himself and her on the knight, she made up her mind to find out the reason, and at length by dint of contemptuous sneers at his weak credulity, varied with tears and promises, she got him to tell her everything.

It was then near the feast of Pentecost, when all the Court assembled after Communion to pay homage to the Duke and Duchess. At the great reception the Duchess waited for her rival, and when the Châtelaine of Vergy came in with her husband, the Duchess received her with extravagant

courtesy, and told her that she might well be satisfied, for she had indeed won a splendid and noble lover:—

Chastelaine, soiez bien cointe,  
Quar bel et preu avez acointe.  
Et cele respont simplement:  
Je ne sai quel acointement  
Vous pensez, madame, por voir,  
Que talent n'ai d'ami avoir  
Qui ne soit del tout a l'onor  
Et de moi et de mon signor.  
"Je l'otroi bien," dit la duchesse,  
"Mais vous estes bone mestresse,  
Qui avez apris le metier  
Du petit chienet afetier."

The verses tell how Laure replied simply that she did not know what the Duchess meant, for the only talent she possessed was fidelity to her lord and master. "I would like to believe it," retorted the Duchess, "but you are a very clever quean and can even teach a little dog to play strange tricks."

Struck to the heart by what she thought was the manifest traitorism of her lover, the impetuous Châtelaine immediately left the hall and went to her own room and flung herself on her bed in bitter grief and misery and there died presently of a broken heart.

Seeing her in her room alone the little dog immediately set off to find the knight, and a few minutes later the knight entered and found his dear mistress dead upon the bed. Without being told a word he guessed the truth, and not being able to live without his sweet lady he stabbed himself then and there with his own sword and died beside his mistress.

As soon as the news of the double tragedy spread abroad the Duke and Duchess hurried to the scene. There the Duke was told by the waiting woman how his wife had insulted the Châtelaine, and suddenly understanding all her villainess and how she had brought two lovers to death out of base envy and jealousy, he snatched the sword from the body of the knight and thrust it into the throat of his wife. So the romance of the Châtelaine of Vergy and her lover ends with the death of the wicked Duchess.

A few weeks later, filled with remorse at his own action and mourning continually for her whom he had loved, Hugue took up the Cross and became a Templar, and led a crusade to the Holy Land in company with his ancient enemies, the Counts of Nevers and Montfort. In a desperate battle near Gaza the Crusaders were beaten and Hugue of Burgundy retreated and built the great fortress at Ascalon. Later still, he embarked with St. Louis at Aigues-Mortes and took part in the campaign in Egypt, fighting bravely at Damietta and Manzourah. When quite an old man he went as a pilgrim to the shrine of Saint-Jacques de Compostelle, hoping at last to be freed of his mortal sin.

The story so affected me that I tried to discover the scene of the tragedy; I motored through the country between Beaune and Nuits where the great castle of Vergy once stood. It has disappeared many years ago, but I found the place, I think, where it must have been:

The castle was built (the old historian tells us) in the form of a great ship, and was surrounded on all sides by high rocks and cliffs so that it could only be come at by one narrow way leading to the portal. And this way was so arduous and difficult that it could only be reached on foot, and it would about so that those who pressed forward to the attack were separated, so to speak, from their companions and exposed to wounds and death from the enemies hidden above them.

In fact Vergy was so strong that it was attacked again and again by the Princes of Burgundy in vain.

But if the castle has disappeared and the very place

where it once stood has been forgotten the story remains, and the noble devotion of Laure, the Châtelaine of Vergy and her lover, still quickens all our sympathies.

We were so loth to leave this storied land of Burgundy that we reached Fontainebleau too late to visit the Château of Francis I., which was added to by Henry IV., and is full of memories of Louis XIV. and of the great Condé and the greater Napoleon. Here is the vast Cour des Adieux where Napoleon, after his abdication, in 1814, said farewell to the Grenadiers of the Guard. It is curious to notice that the Napoleonic legend still lives in France and is certain to show fresh life if ever the two lost provinces are regained.

Half an hour later we ran through Melun, with its memories of Bertrand du Guesclin and its capture by the English in 1420, and by Henry IV. in 1590, and so to Paris and its crowded streets just before midnight.

## SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

### THE AMBIGU-COMIQUE—I.

BY MARC LOGÉ

THE love of melodrama seems to be one of the fundamental instincts of humanity, or rather of the lower classes. Perhaps one reason is that their more simple temperaments, from which, in most cases, intellectuality is excluded, experience, in the heartrending vicissitudes of the heroine, or in the sinister schemes of the villain, a relaxation from the sorrows and worries of their daily life. Whilst some persons find diversion for their thoughts in comedies, or even in farces, the amateurs of melodrama forget momentarily their own troubles in sympathising with those of the fictitious personages parading on the stage.

The Ambigu-Comique has, for more than a century and a half, been consecrated to melodrama. Since its foundation this theatre has been the cradle of most of the celebrated dramas which later have electrified emotional audiences in both hemispheres.

In 1769 an actor named Audinot, belonging to the troop of the Théâtre Italien, settled at the Foire St. Germain—which at that period was, with the Foire St. Laurent, one of the popular Parisian centres of amusement—and opened a puppet-show, a spectacle which in those days was in great favour with the population of the capital. Audinot's *marionnettes* had a considerable success, for they characteristically impersonated some famous actors of the Comédie Italienne by humorously mimicking or ridiculing their particular traits or foibles. Audinot soon found it possible to establish the third playhouse opened on the Boulevard du Temple, and he named his small theatre the Ambigu-Comique; but the critical and satirical remarks expressed on his stage concerning the other Parisian theatres drew the attention of the police. The restraint subsequently imposed upon him by the authorities became at length so contrary to his interests and enterprise that he substituted children in the stead of the puppets, and resolved to abandon the style of spectacle which had brought him such success. Two other actors, Moliné and Planchesne, discharged like himself from the Comédie Italienne, undertook to furnish him with the plays he desired. The Ambigu-Comique soon saw itself the rendezvous of both courtiers and townfolk, and was more appreciated than the theatre run by Nicolet—even when the latter possessed as usher his famous monkey, who, dressed in astounding attire, imitated the acting of many of the leading stars of the Comédie Française, with, it is said, great talent.

The officers of the Gardes Françaises decided, in 1771, to

give a public representation on Audinot's stage; but the performance was of so licentious and gross a character that the Duc de Choiseul, then Minister of War, revolted by the cynicism and obscenity thus paraded before the public, ordered all the officers who had taken part in it to be placed under arrest at Fort l'Evêque. This punishment, however, was never executed, as it transpired that amongst those who had most enjoyed the jests and plot of the spectacle was Monseigneur le Duc de Chartres! Silence fell upon the incident, and the officers were left unmolested.

Audinot's troop of children attracted all the theatre-going public of Paris; but certain kind, well-meaning souls often wondered what would be the future morality of those little ones, who were already acting parts of which they ought to have ignored the nature for many years to come. Bachaumont (1700-1771), who belonged to the celebrated coterie formed by Mme. Doublet (1), and who wrote for it a remarkable literary and historical diary (2), in which were entered day by day the most interesting or curious events of the period, says in the same:—

Les amateurs de théâtre sont enchantés de voir la foule se porter à l'Ambigu-Comique, pour y applaudir une troupe d'enfants qui y fait fureur. Ils espèrent que cette troupe deviendra une espèce de séminaire, où se formeront des sujets d'autant meilleurs qu'ils annoncent déjà des dispositions décidées, et donnent les plus grandes espérances. Mais les partisans des mœurs gémissent sincèrement sur cette invention, qui va les corrompre jusque dans leur source, et qui, par la licence introduite sur la scène, en forme autant une école de libertinage que de talents dramatiques.

One of the plays which most attracted the attention of the public was "Le Triomphe de l'Amour et de l'Amitié," which in fact was nothing else than the opera of "Alceste," arranged to suit the Ambigu. This provoked an indignant protest from the Archbishop of Paris, because a chorus of priests appeared at a certain moment on the stage. The authorities did not, however, think fit to inquire into the matter, and the "Triumph of Love and Friendship" continued to draw a full house each night. It is amusing to note that although before the Revolution all the plays represented by the theatres of the Boulevards were submitted to the censorship of the "comédiens français" and the "comédiens italiens," the smaller shows, or "spectacles forains," as they were then called, were allowed extreme liberty as to the morality of the plays enacted: they were only asked not to encroach on the privileges of the Royal theatres.

Audinot's playhouse could not, of course, escape the hatred and jealousy of the more important Paris theatres, and for a few months its vogue seemed on the point of waning under the repeated attacks directed against it. But a happy circumstance recorded by Bachaumont in his delightful memoirs helped to consolidate its reputation:—

En 1772, Mme. Dubarry qui cherchait tous les moyens de distraire le roi, que l'ennui gagnait, avait eu l'idée de faire venir Audinot jouer à Choisy avec ses petits enfants. C'était la première fois que ce directeur forain paraissait devant Sa Majesté. On a donné d'abord "Il n'y a plus d'Enfants," petite comédie de prose d'un sieur de Nougaret, où il y a de la naïveté, mais des scènes d'une morale peu épurée; "La Guingette," ambigu-comique de M. Planchesne, c'est une image riante et spirituelle de ce qui se passe dans

(1) Mme. Doublet (1677-1771) acquired a certain celebrity by gathering round her in the Couvent des Filles St. Thomas, where she lived, a circle of well-known literary men, such as Chauvelin, Voisenon, Piron, Bachaumont, Ste. Palaye, &c.

(2) Published after his death under the title of "Mémoires secrets pour servir à la République des Lettres."



les tavernes: un joli Téniers. On a fini par "Le Chat Botté," ballet-pantomime par le sieur Arnould. On n'a pas même oublié la "fricassée," contre-danse très polissonne. Mme. Dubarry s'amusait infiniment, et riait à gorge déployée. Le roi souriait quelquefois: en général le divertissement n'a pas paru l'affecter beaucoup.

It is, however, to be hoped that Audinot soon showed himself more careful in choosing the plays represented on his stage, as amongst the young actresses of his troop was to be found his own daughter, Eulalie, who, when only a child of eight, was noted for her fine voice and astonishing intelligence. An amusing anecdote of the time records that the director of the Ambigu-Comique had the following inscription written on the drop-scene:—"Sicut infantes Audinus," which phrase was gravely translated by a jester to mean, "*Ci-gît les enfants d'Audinot*" (Here lie Audinot's children!).

The vogue of the Ambigu-Comique became so great after its actors had had the privilege of playing before the King that the opera saw itself deserted, and in 1771 the administration of that theatre, being exceedingly powerful and feeling anxious as to the lessening popularity of its playhouse, obtained a decree ordaining that the Ambigu-Comique should henceforth be ranked amongst the theatres of the last class. Its orchestra was reduced to the absurd number of *four* musicians, and songs and dances were prohibited. This ordinance provoked public discontent, which took so menacing a form that it was deemed wise to come to a more amicable arrangement. The Ambigu recovered permission for songs and dances on the condition of paying an annual contribution of 12,000 livres to the "Académie Royale de Musique."

Gradually, however, the style of the spectacle forming the daily programme of the Ambigu changed—young men and women replaced the children, and some of the celebrities of the Comédie-Française, such as Damas and Varenne, starred there in their youth. Great historical and romantic pantomimes replaced the mixed shows which had formerly attracted the public. One of them, "Le Maréchal des Logis," had a colossal success, being founded on a real incident. The actual hero of the adventure thus dramatised assisted at the play several nights, to the great delight of the audience, and from a box witnessed complacently his own exploits immortalised on the stage. In 1792, at the eve of the most fearful of tragedies, in which were to take part nearly all the citizens of Paris, a great pantomime called "Dorothée" was produced at the Ambigu-Comique, in one Act of which appeared a grand religious procession, headed by priests, white-surplined choirboys, acolytes bearing reliquaries, crosses, and many other emblems of the Roman Catholic faith. Brazier says in his amusing chronicles:—

This procession passed down the stage in the midst of the cries and plaudits of a multitude which was already beginning to feel the pangs of a wound which later was to engender so many excesses. And then we saw processions of another kind: the churches sacked and wrecked, the sacred vases submitted to horrible profanations, bourgeois comedians attired as priests and abandoning themselves to the most infamous of sacrileges. I myself have seen, as a child, a miserable scoundrel who, dressed in sacerdotal garments, and in a state of complete inebriety, run down the Faubourg St. Martin, carrying some false consecrated bread in a ciborium, and feigning to administer the Holy Communion to the passers-by, thus mocking the most holy and saintly possessions of mankind—God and His Symbols.

Many of the actors of the Ambigu-Comique took part in the Revolution, either as spectators or victims of the great movement; one of them, Bordier, had the misfortune of incurring popular wrath, and was hanged in 1789, charged

with having participated in a riot. It is affirmed that this comedian faced death serenely, and even gaily. When belonging to the Ambigu company, he had taken a part in a play called "Le Ramoneur" (The Chimney-Sweep), in which, just as he was about to enter the chimney, he used to hesitate a moment and say: "Y monterai-je? Y monterai-je pas?" ("Shall I climb up? Shan't I climb up?") At the foot of the gibbet, on the point of ascending the fatal steps, Bordier is said to have stopped and interrogated, laughingly, the executioner: "Y monterai-je? Y monterai-je pas?" He finally climbed the steps, bowing gaily to the crowd, which was hooting him furiously.

## MUSIC

THE musical season, which began while the primroses were out, has lasted till the geraniums are at their hottest blaze and the dahlias are telling us that autumn is close at hand. Those who are in the secret tell us, and our own observation confirms the truth of the tale, that it has not been an entirely successful season. London's mind has been too much occupied with the doings of those who bear rule over us with sceptre and crown to remember the homage due to the princes of Art, whose sway is exercised by liquid voice or nimble finger. Many of these, both native and foreign, have summoned us to their court—from the mighty rulers of international influence to the collaterals of the house of Pumpnickel and the Transparencies whose power is only makebelieve. But they have not been so numerous as in other years, and their reception, in most cases, has been polite rather than enthusiastic. Empty seats and meagrely filled money-bags have been the portion of almost all—even of some of the real potentates. What a disappointing history of indifference could be told by the organisers of the splendidly attractive programmes of the "London Musical Festival"!

What are we to think of the preoccupation of the amateurs when a new symphony by Sir Edward Elgar could be passed by almost without notice? It would appear that the only providers of music who can be jubilant over the state of these affairs are those who direct the fortunes of Covent Garden. Until the arrival of the Russian Ballet they saw their house filled every night, though, with a single exception, they presented operas whose spring has long ago departed, and artistes whose radiance will soon be as autumnal as that of the operas. Latterly the heroines of opera have had to lament a sadly-diminished interest in their joys and sorrows, for their former patrons have saved their sovereigns for the Russian performances. We are glad to think that, although the powerful Fairy Fashion has no doubt helped to collect the crowds which besiege the doors of Covent Garden when the Russians are to dance, these crowds do certainly give evidence that Londoners can appreciate what is good. And it speaks well for their perseverance in well-doing that, in spite of the torrid atmosphere, they have neglected no opportunity to attend the ballet—perspiring, yet praising; boiling, yet blissful. We must do the dancers the justice to say that, be their evolutions never so intricate, they are the least hot-looking people in the theatre. How they manage to look so "airy" is one of the greatest mysteries of their art, and "Les Sylphides" is probably the most cooling sight now to be witnessed in London, cooler than the Serpentine bathers, cooler than Ministerialists at tea on the Terrace. But when the thermometer began to play its gridiron tricks in earnest, why did not Mr. Forsyth and M. Fokine obtain permission from the Ranger

to give their ballets under the trees of Kensington-gardens, or by the waterside in St. James's Park?

We ourselves have long held the opinion that music is worthy to be heard in comfort; that it is even disrespectful to the divine art to give concerts, &c., in stuffy, disagreeable rooms, except perhaps in winter. And, as regards the ballet, we are of the same opinion. On one of the hottest of the recent dog-days we were privileged to be of a small company which sat under the dense shade of immemorial limes and beeches, on a lawn that was still emerald, washed by the gentle waves of Father Thames. In a natural grotto at the foot of the wooded cliff a young Greek maiden lay stretched on a magnificent tiger-skin. Presently she arose, and, taking up an amphora, danced languidly and gracefully round the statue of a cymbal-player which stood in the midst of the green, while unseen flutes and violins made music from within the thicket. Her pretty glidings ended, she lay down again; the bushes rustled, and a sylphide bounded on to the grass, there to go through one of Pavlova's lightest dances for our delight, a green thought in a green shade. So, refreshed in spirit by the movements of these nymphs, we wandered to an impenetrably shaded terrace where the flavour of fruit sat upon its thousand thrones, and wondrous beverages that might have been concocted for one of Theodora's evenings at Belmont, invited us to pour them into icy goblets, to be touched by beautiful lips. We thought of that lady's vision of the "Good time coming," when all banquets would be refined into "only fruit on a green bank with music," for the distant strains of the flutes and violins followed us to where the cooling fountains played.

It had all been very simple, yet it was a very perfect entertainment. Bilitis and the Sylph were students only; they will never, perhaps, dance as elegantly as Mmes. Will and Karsavina, but we are not sure that we did not receive as much pure pleasure from their innocent efforts in the open air as we have received from the ballet itself, enjoyed at Covent Garden as far as it is possible to enjoy anything when one is sitting in an oven. We quitted the groves and the river more than ever convinced that we are right in maintaining that music and dancing can be better appreciated (in hot weather at all events) when they are enjoyed in garden, wood, or park.

For a brief fortnight, until Queen's Hall begins its beneficent weeks of "Promenade Concerts" (for beneficent they are, though given indoors), the only music offered us is that made by the bands in the parks, and it is music by no means to be despised, especially when it is an evening performance. Heard from a discreet distance, the Hyde Park Band soothed our parched spirit the other evening much more than Massenet's opera "Thais" had done at Covent Garden. It is hard to understand why the directors should have selected that feeble, joyless opera; why they thought that it might succeed in pleasing London, when even Manon, played by such an artist as Miss Mary Garden, failed here as it did a few years since. We have heard "Thais" in France, and Italy, and Austria, and have only met one person who liked it. The dull, insipid music might be endured for the sake of seeing so witching a performance as that of Miss Garden's "Thais," but at Covent Garden the part was essayed by Mme. Edvina, an excellent singer whose powers as an actress are only moderate. Now if Thais cannot by her charm make Athenaeus of all the audience, there is no hope for the opera—its reason for existence is gone. But what a fine subject for an opera it is! Anatole France was magician enough to give life and glow to the old legend of the Thebaid: and though we believe the truth is that the monk (who was no lusty neophyte, but an old Anthony with one foot in the grave) converted Thais from her wicked ways by the simple expedient of locking her up in a cell and starving her into repentance, M. France's version is

much more interesting, and in stronger hands than those of Massenet it might have inspired some noble music.

But if the Opera Syndicate has miscalculated the effect of "Thais," it has made up for it by permitting the Russians to show us their wonderful "Scheherazade," which some good judges regard as the very flower and crown of the art of St. Petersburg. We cannot help complaining, however, that Covent Garden Theatre (even were the weather more temperate) is not a place where "Scheherazade" can be fully appreciated unless the spectator is fortunate enough to have a front seat in one of the best boxes, or at least be in the front row of the stalls. It is absolutely of the first importance that one should see all the movements and the groupings of "Scheherazade" without let or hindrance. But the stalls at Covent Garden being on the same level, one can only see parts of the stage, never all of it at once, owing to the eager heads and shoulders in front. From the balcony and the amphitheatre stalls a complete view of the stage is certainly possible, but owing to the great size of the theatre the dancers, as seen from those parts of the house, look no more than marionettes. The theatre at Monte Carlo is the best known to the writer in which to appreciate "Scheherazade." Of course the stage is not so large, but one can see it all, and that is the great point. M. Rimsky-Korsakov's music to "Scheherazade" is both brilliant and moving, and the Covent Garden orchestra does not play it badly, but it might play it a good deal better.

## LOST KINGDOMS OF THE SEA

THERE is fascination in looking across a waste of waters as we try in imagination to recreate old lands which lie engulfed beneath. Unconsciously such a scene typifies kingdoms and dynasties which have gone under. We are reminded of the vast hordes of extinct forms of life which "have had their day and ceased to be." Could some traveller but hap upon an unexplored continent where the colossal brutes of the Jurassic Period still roamed his experience would be worth thousands of miles of "personally conducted" travel in those lands in which men's engrossing ideal is but to copy conditions grown commonplace elsewhere. One walks through a picture-gallery wherein is work done by artists of some particular school—men whose art is standardised. In an obscure corner hangs a tiny canvas from whence the soul of the painter looks forth fearlessly on those who have eyes to see. That little scrap of autobiography, past which the stream of average men and women flows unheeding, holds us like a magnet. "There was a ship," says the artist. His poem in colour whispers in our ear—"The place is haunted." We feel the conviction that beneath phenomena abide those spiritual forces in which all outward shows live and have their being.

Could we thus repeople the scenes of our imaginary continent with the vast brutes who had half-forgotten to be reptiles and not yet learnt to be birds, we should wander in a dreamland Zoo, strange and uncouth perhaps, but still subject to the physical conditions of to-day. On such an earth, if the fauna and flora belonged to a region of nightmare, the soil and the sky, and day and night, and the hosts of Heaven would be familiar objects to us. Was all that intolerably drawn-out drama of evolution, were those hecatombs of living creatures pacing in a "seeming-random" procession to violent death, merely designed as a curtain-raiser to usher in the advent of Man? By infinite gradation he was destined to escape from his brutal surroundings, to climb with halting feet the slow ascent, gaining at each step nimbler intellect and keener conscience. From uplands of his existence he would be free "to look before and



after," to store past records, to predict the flux of things to come. "Sufferance was the badge of all his tribe."

Thoughts like these flow in upon the man who broods and muses on the lost kingdoms of the sea. Let him start with the severance of Great Britain from the Continent as accomplished, and there still remain the sunken lands of the North Sea, which we now call the Dogger Bank, the legend-shrouded land of Atlantis, and, on the near horizon, the drowned "Park" of Selsea, the reefs and rock-strewn gulfs which lie around the Channel Islands.

St. Brandan, so they say, sailed away from a fierce world, peopled with wild men, to the blessed island of Atlantis, which lay dreaming before his strife-worn eyes in the lap of the sunset. There the birds and the fishes flocked to listen to him, and the human drama faded from his vision and his thoughts. Ill for St. Brandan, for he to whom the human interest ceases to appeal ceases to be human, and begins to slip back into the brute. But to leave behind the clamour and nonsense-noises of the world, and, in converse with choice spirits, to rediscover forgotten lore, is surely to live a new existence.

Atlantis, embalmed in the works of Plato and other classical writers, has been generally held to be mere historical mirage. The grandfather of Critias had heard from Solon, who in turn had it from the Egyptian priests at Sais, who again repeated ancient history, how a vast continent once lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The Mediterranean Sea was but the inner basin of a land-locked ocean, round the shores of which flourished the vast empire of Atlantis. Egypt and Hellas, so the story went, waged successful war against this swaggering empire of the West. Then came a world-shaking earthquake, and Atlantis and its warrior race sank beneath the salt waves of the great ocean which men now call the Atlantic. Is not this a parable which our modern "Admiral of the Atlantic" might to advantage take to heart and ponder?

Atlantis may be myth, but the engulfing of the "Park" over which the Selsea fishermen now catch lobsters is historic. The waters closed over it only some 400 years ago. England, which has already see-sawed up and down so often, may yet re-emerge her tracts of shallow subsidence. The shell of the earth holds in check the fierce throes of her inner forces. Let them give way but a few feet and we should see the lost lands back again. On that wrecked seabed at Selsea lies the bell of old Bosham church; in punishment for carrying off this bell the Danish rovers were supposed to have suffered shipwreck. Poetic justice was thus done, and the story rounded off to fit in with the equities of things. The fisher-folk will tell you that its warning note may be heard on still nights even at the present time.

When the receding tide leaves them bare, a wilderness of rocks clustering to the west of Cap de la Hague is revealed, and even to the tyro in geological evolution this plateau has been obviously an age-long battlefield of Titanic forces. How did that fretwork of reef and shoal, pinnacled and sculptured by the ceaseless play of "roosts" and races, torn by the tremendous currents which for ever ebb and flow about it, first come into being? That the embroidered fringe of the mainland was once linked to it is obvious; in fact, a mediæval chart shows a sweep in the coast line jutting out into what are now the islands. Perhaps the ancient artist sketched a scene which existed but in his own mind's eye. We want a new word to describe the man who is the complement of the prophet—the fore-speaker. Such an one—he who speaks of days and scenes that are no more—would imagine in his backward glance Great Britain and Ireland linked to the Continent of Europe, and a huge—sometime tropical but now semi-arctic—river, gathering to itself the overflow of inland waters, and sluggishly pouring

from the neighbourhood of the Solent of to-day to the *embouchure* of the Seine, thence to the basin where Paris lies, and so into the ocean. That was a condition of things which persisted for untold æons; and then the shadow of change crept on. Owing to the melting of part of the ice-cap of Northern Europe the escaping waters, for a while penned in the upper reaches of the North Sea estuary, burst their bounds. By them the chalk dam which lay between Dover and Calais was breached, and the eroding torrent ploughed its way westward. Under the stress of that force the English Channel came into being, and thus also, after passing Cap de la Hague, by the action of the gigantic whirlpool so created, the Bay of Cancale was carved out and the superficies of the land area to the north of it torn away, our Channel Islands and their rocky frontiers being left to tell the tale. How terrific must have been that whirlpool force is evidenced by the fact that in St. Malo Bay to-day the tidal rise is over 50ft. Truly the cutting-tool of the whirlpool current bit deep.

About land which the sea has partially swallowed up eternally flits the seamew of Romance. Each jutting frieze and bastion headland which dreams over the waste of waters has some legend to tell or quaint name to recall. The human inhabitants of the rocky islets are a race apart. On every few yards along the coast-line of Sark, for instance, he who has ears to hear may listen to the story of days that are no more. Who that loves that little island, its history and associations, but will hail "the light that never was on sea or land" stealing across its waters of Mediterranean blue and around its "chapel of the gulls"? In its hardy and close-grained Norman tillers of the land and toilers of the sea he will meet the descendants of the Norse rovers. Feudalism walks like a mummy restored to life about its ferny lanes and rock-bound ramparts, up and down its coombes and dells. The blue-eyed Normans who inhabit there have the blend of independence and repression which marks the meeting of the old world and the new. Even the Hanoverian rat has never gained a foothold on the island; the British black rat still holds the field. The Seigneur is sovereign lord, with rights and privileges which go back to days before the Conquest. The island has two Houses of Parliament. These meet under the presidency of the Seigneur in a building, in size perhaps 30ft. by 20ft., which also serves as school-room. Their discussions turn mainly on such questions as whether the harbour buoy shall be repainted, or if some derelict boat or cask is rightly the property of the Seigneur, under the law of "flotsam, jetsam, and lagan." The islanders have no "constitutional crisis" foisted upon them. Happy islanders!

## HOMeward BOUND: A NEW ZEALAND SKETCH

By W. H. KOEBEL

THE last song has been sung, and the final trick has been taken on the green-covered table, where the cards now lie in a heap. The lamps glow softly on the flowers, the pictures on the wall, the deep carpets, and the thousand and one objects that make a really pleasant room out of four wide walls. Through the open French windows come the scent of verbena and orange-blossom, and the mingled odours of a hundred other flowers.

It is time to say good-night.

The wide verandah is in part lit up from within, in part lost in deep shadow. Where the beams of light strike upon the supporting posts hang great clusters and festoons of

roses, their blossoms pricked out in tender brilliance from the inky blackness of their background. There are other flowers beyond that, caught up in some chance shaft of illumination, seem to float in mid-air, stars of passion-flower and clematis, and the hazy wreaths of the jasmine.

Beyond the verandah and out into the unbroken darkness. The way is through an invisible garden that yet sends its messages across the night. Soft branches stretch out their sprays of leaf and blossom, each giving up its own odour as it fans the passer-by. Now and again sounds the rustle of heavier leaves, and the cool, silky body of a weighty magnolia bud bumps against the shoulder of the intruder.

A blind man's holiday, this! Here is the gate by the feel of it, and here is the wooden bar that slides back with a rattling of timber. Presently the feet are treading upon turf; the scent of the blossoms has grown fainter, and the airs blow in free and unimpeded breaths. This is the paddock, sure enough. Somewhere quite near by are the slip-rails in which wait the horses. Here they are, found by the touch rather than by the eye, and by the same sense it becomes clear that they are as empty as charity!

The poles that guarded the entrance are on the ground. Thrown into their sockets with a censurably impatient haste, they have been shaken from their places by the restless steeds. As for the latter, they are somewhere in the paddock, somewhere in the midst of the dense velvet black of the night. What a situation! Not a star in the sky! The clouds must have rolled up in volumes, which means that there is rain to come.

From where a faint light shines somewhere at the back of the invisible tree comes a distant hail. "All right?" There is a moment's hesitation out here in the paddock. But why should those within be made to share the discomfort of a mistake of others? The onus of rectifying our own carelessness lies with us alone. And so the call goes back: "All right! Good night!" It is not true. But the lie is pardonable.

I have never been in a collision on the high seas. But the abrupt transition from the broad decks and halls, the electric light, and the music to the small open boat tossing alone in the night is surely one of the most dramatic in life. Our case just now is mainly farcical, but it has an element or two in common with one of those great tragedies of the waves. A rider without his horse on a night such as this is as helpless as any shipwrecked mariner. Five minutes ago we were in a brilliant place of light, where the dresses of the ladies rustled graciously to and fro, and where the perfume of the after-dinner coffee rose, giving out a delightful sense of an assured and eternal comfort. Now we are in the outer darkness: I should say we must have travelled a thousand miles since then!

And now for the horses. Thank heaven that the paddock is a miniature one that can boast no more than a couple of acres! Across the night comes a welcome sound—the rasping of torn grass as the blades are snapped off by the massive teeth. If ever you went with care, grope cautiously in the direction of the noise! Only a few paces, and the sound has ceased. Two heads have been raised, and two pairs of ears are pricked acutely forward. This you know as well as though your eyes had pierced the night and had seen it for themselves. A step or two more is ventured in the agonising certainty of what is to come. There it is! A rumbling and thudding of hoofs that passes close to the left, and dies away to the rear. Then, very faintly now, the cropping of grass sounds again.

There is nothing for it but to turn about and to follow the champing music. The result is the same as before. If there was ever an audible and invisible will-o'-the-wisp it is present here, materialised in the horses' hoofs. Futility is annoying at the best of times: at midnight the

state becomes unbearable. How infinitely irritating, moreover, is the reflection that the homeward way is not to be won until those elusive thuddings have been brought into subjection directly beneath one's own person!

The black of the sky above is tinged by a faint, shadowy pool of light. As the pool spreads into a small, starry lake, the world near by seems to roll forward from out of space. The dark silhouettes of the trees swell out of a sudden against the horizon; the level stretch of the paddock leaps upward from the depths, and there in the corner are the dim forms of two horses. A few moments later the reins rest securely in the hand. Never was an object more comfortable to the touch than this leather! A grasp of the mane, a pleasant creak from the saddle—and the night may do its worst!

The sky, indeed, is already repenting its moment of generosity. As the horses pass through the paddock-gate the twinkling lake above shrinks into nothingness, blotted out by an advancing curtain of black. When the outlines of the trees have died away in sympathy, the faint paint of light no longer gleams from their rear. The hospitable station is asleep. The ever-vigilant dogs alone suspect the presence of belated guests. As the horses' hoofs leave the turf to strike upon the bare soil of the track, there is a distant rattle of chains and a chorus of protesting barks—a crude godspeed, but a welcome one, since it heralds the start on the homeward way.

Our part is done with. All that is necessary now is to keep in sociable touch with the horses' mouths, and they will do the rest. Not once do they hesitate, although from time to time they come to an abrupt halt in the midst of their walk or canter. Then you may stretch out your hand with certainty and feel for the bars of a gate. And then, when you have latched it again with the dutiful care that is part of the sheep-farmer's daily creed, you may go thudding onwards once more along the invisible track.

There are times when, if your mood chanced to be in tune for such a feat of the imagination, you might imagine that you were careering along a level turnpike road set between the hedges of England. In which case the land will not permit the mental picture for long. To the front sounds the ripple of water, musical and clear, through the still air. The movements of the horse have grown cautious and tentative. He has gathered himself together for an effort, and the next moment one is sinking in a sheer downward glide to the accompaniment of the grinding and rattle of loose earth and stones. With a lurch and a jerk the sensation of falling ends. The noises of the descent have ceased; we have shot down the face of the river bank.

Nothing is audible now but the rush of the waters. The ripple has swollen of a sudden to a deep cascade of sound that overwhelms the ear with its fullness, and that brings with it a strange sensation of giddiness. As to the horse, his nerves are on the rack. If you would remain dryshod draw up your feet as he paws the water and plunges into the invisible stream with the staccato leaps of the anxious-minded.

The deep swirling of the passage has given way to a tumultuous splashing that covers the face and body of the rider with spray. Then the great frame of the steed halts to crouch for a spring. One knows full well what he is demanding on the part of his rider—a hand in the mane, and the body drawn high up in the stirrups from the saddle. Now he is springing upwards in a paroxysm of bounds, and in a moment he is pacing the level ground, while the song of the river dies away to the rear.

When the pace has settled down once more to a steady canter you may do one of various things. You may converse with the companion who is thudding along sometimes at your side, at others elsewhere, according as the way is broad



or narrow; you may yield to the drowsy influence of the night and fall into the guarded doze of the man in the saddle: or, again, it is just possible that you may become reflective, and may think of many matters.

You may wonder, for instance, why you are ploughing onwards through the lonely night when all other folk are in bed. There is another ford ahead, and half a dozen more miles ere the journey will be done. It has been a fairly long ride this, in search of—what? A meal, coffee, cards, a little music, a glimpse of tasteful rooms, and the sound of women's voices! Was it worth the trouble? Elsewhere, scarcely, perhaps; but here in the wide airs of the bush there is room for neither cynicism nor doubt. These visits are vital things; periodical rubbings and furbishings that keep bright the machinery of the mental horizon. Were the distance twenty miles—

The horse shies violently and plunges to the left as a sudden scurry and a rapid trampling sounds from the neighbourhood of his hoofs. It is evident that some sheep sleeping by the side of the track have aroused themselves only just in time. They are bolting away with a flurry that resembles to the ear the rising of a covey of pheasants. Steady now! So much for philosophy in the saddle! The business of the hour is to get home.

All rides have an end. One had almost forgotten that in the song of the beating hoofs that bade fair to go on for ever. Beneath its influence one had grown drowsy again, when the noise of distant barkings rings out from the front. As the sound is approached it swells to a fierce chorus of threats hurled across the gloom. Then of a sudden the angry notes turn to joyous canine bays of welcome. The homestead is at hand.

### SOPHOCLES IN RHYME\*

THERE is a kind of poetry which demands rhyme, even as there is a kind of poetry to which rhyme is in the nature of an insult. It is impossible, for example, to imagine Dryden without rhyme. On the other hand, it is impossible to imagine "Paradise Lost" in rhyme—even so dogmatic an enthusiast for the rhymed couplet as Johnson had to confess that his imagination failed to conceive it other than it was. To Dryden the clipping sounds at the end of the line were necessary to swell out his somewhat slender music, and to give form and coherence to his meaning. It may perhaps justly be said that the *matter* of poetry despises the pretty adjuncts of verse, being its own sufficiency, whereas the *matter* of prose can only be given the appearance of poetry when it is duly decked out with the superficial appearances of that high rhythm that great poetry must needs choose to speak through. However that be, Euripides not only takes his proper stride in the habitments of English rhyming couplets; he makes his gestures so aptly in them that they seem to be his natural vesture. It is impossible to say why; these are things that the instinct divines, and must needs trust. There is a fitness in a rhymed "Medea" that is past all thought. Similarly there is an unfitness in a rhymed Sophocles that almost defies explanation. It violates immaculateness of conception, even as the attempt to conjure up a "Paradise Lost" in French rhymed Alexandrines.

Yet it is worth explanation. To bring it home to an English thought one would need to adduce English examples, and unfortunately there is nothing distinctively Sophoclean in English literature. King Lear, for example, is Aeschylean.

\* *Oedipus, King of Thebes*. By Sophocles. Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes, by Gilbert Murray. (George Allen. 2s. net.)

Aeschylus, in rugged splendour of soul, reached sometimes almost over to the Gothic, whereas Sophocles is always marmoreal. Aeschylus was always somewhat of an anomaly, while Sophocles was always the perfect exemplar. The Dionysean broke through Aeschylus with its vintage revelry and high suggestion; while with Sophocles the Apollian was ever supreme, though it reached heights in him it has never aspired to elsewhere. Despite this fault, however, imagine "King Lear" in rhyme! Or, better still—for we have this very process already exemplified in English—read the splendour of "Antony and Cleopatra" in Shakespeare and then compare the same subject in Dryden.

It may be that the difficulty is somewhat deeper than this. It may be that the difficulty is in Professor Murray himself, not less than in the manner of verse. Reading his verse carefully over, one is surprised to note how unsure he is on his metrical feet. This is marked over and over again in his translations of Euripides. Take a passage chosen quite at random from his translation of the "Medea":

When first I stood in Corinth, clogged with ill  
From many a desperate mischance, what bliss  
Could I have dreamed of like to this,  
To wed with a king's daughter, I exiled  
And beggared?

Imagine it without the supports that the clipping rhymes give to its faulty sense of form! And then conceive how superbly Milton hews out his paragraphs of music to progress forward with! In other words, it would appear that Professor Gilbert Murray had to brace Sophocles down to his measure by the artificialities of verse. He had to put Sophocles cheek by jowl with Euripides before he could undertake his rendering. As an example of this one may recall with what terrible majesty Oedipus receives the stupendous revelation that he is indeed the son of his own wife, the murderer of his own father, and the bringer of trouble on Corinth, and how through all mischances and obstructing human agencies the prophecies are working themselves out for his downfall with almost fiendish malignity. The majesty in it is knit to terror. But this certainly fails to appear in the following passage:—

Enough!

And will come true . . . Thou Light, never again  
May I behold thee, I in the eyes of men  
Made naked, how from sin my being grew,  
In sin I wedded and in sin I slew.

It totally fails to convey the requisite majesty. Yet, though it is a *matter* to be perceived, not to be explained, lying past the logical consciousness, some of the causes of its failure can be made patent. For example, no better indictment of rhyme for Sophocles could be more damaging than the "jingling sound of like endings" in the last two lines; and Milton's other charge that "Rime" is in "invention" to "set off . . . lame Meeter" is justified by the metrical insecurity of the whole passage. So also the inversion in the second line, and the vowel elision in the third line, tend to destroy that simplicity that is essential to all dignity, but particularly to the dignity of pain. Compare it with:

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
I am not well: send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

The whole question raises problems that one would much like to discuss, since they deal with the vital matter of verse-form, but several things forbid. Space forbids, occasion forbids, and Professor Gilbert Murray himself forbids. To find fault with a work is not necessarily to decry it. If he has sought to strap and harness Sophocles, Sophocles is yet often himself breaking away these

unnatural fetters and striding forth into the light of the sun. There are also excellences in which Dr. Murray lends the great tragedian music of a later day than his, such as in the chorus that succeeds the exit of Oedipus in the passage criticised :

Nothingness, nothingness,  
Ye Children of Man, and less  
I count you, waking or dreaming !  
And none among mortals, none,  
Seeking to live, hath won  
More than to seem, and to cease  
Again from his seeming.  
  
While ever before mine eyes  
One fate, one ensample, lies ;  
Thine, thine, O Oedipus, sore  
Of God oppressèd—  
What thing that is human more  
Dare I call blessèd ?

For all that it owes something of its music to Swinburne, this is quite excellent. It is also in the fit tragic vein.

Moreover, this very suggestion of debt awakes a criticism. If there was one thing Swinburne excelled in more than another, it was *speed* in verse. In a sense he very largely introduced it to English verse ; but since he introduced it into verse, and since he was the latest of the great poets, this speed has come to usurp all the virtues. Professor Murray endeavours to get speed into his translation, notwithstanding the fact that speed and dignity are but rarely compatible. It is an incidental fact that we sadly need a slower, mightier movement in all modern English verse, but such a movement is absolutely essential to a right rendering of Sophocles. Many of the passages in the present translation read almost as if they had been made in a violent hurry to catch a train. This is symptomatic of the time, truly enough ; but it is a considerable matter for praise that Sophocles is not symptomatic of the time. A half-hour's contemplation before the bust of the mighty dramatist surely would have set this right.

Such criticisms are necessary. Professor Murray himself, in his very self-denying ordinance of translation, asks attention not for himself but for his author. In other words, he asks us to complain if he should fail to convey to us all that his author is. He does fail in this, but he nevertheless has given us what we have not had hitherto, and that is a readable translation of "Oedipus." Other renderings, in seeking to give us the might and marmoreal power of the original, have given us merely ponderousness—a likeness much unlike ! So that if the vivacity of the present rendering fails to give us the severe and terrible might, it has at least that inalienable property of all vivacity, companionableness, and charm, both qualities that win to affection. And for this much we render our very substantial thanks. It would be very splendid to see "Oedipus" acted.

## STREET-ORGANS

It is very true, as Mr. Chesterton must have remarked somewhere, that the cult of simplicity is one of the most complex inventions of civilisation. To eat nuts in a meadow when you can eat a beef-steak in a restaurant is neither simple nor primitive ; it is merely perverse, in the same way that the art of Gauguin is perverse. A shepherd-boy piping to his flock in Arcady and a poet playing the penny whistle in a Soho garret may make the same kind of noise ; but whereas the shepherd-boy knows no better, the poet has to pretend that he knows no better. So I reject scornfully the support of those amateurs who profess to like street-organs because they are the direct descendants of the itinerant ballad-singers of

the romantic past ; or because they represent the simple musical tastes of the majority to-day. I refuse to believe that in appreciating the sound of the complex modern instruments dragged across London by Cockneys disguised as Italians, the soul of the primitive man who lurks in some dim oubliette of everybody's consciousness is in any way comforted. I should imagine that that poor prisoner, if civilisation's cruelty has not deprived him of the faculty of hearing, is best pleased by such barbaric music as the howling of the wind or the sound of railway-engines suffering in the night ; and indeed every one must have noticed that sometimes certain sounds unmusical in themselves can arouse the same emotions as the greatest music.

But it is not on this score that street-organs escape our condemnation ; their music has certain defects that even distance cannot diminish, and they invariably give us the impression of a man speaking through his nose in a high-pitched voice, without ever pausing to take breath. If, in spite of this, we have a kindness for them, it is because of their association with the gladder moments of childhood. To the adult ear they bring only desolation and distraction, but to the children the organ-man, with his curly black hair and his glittering earrings seems to be trailing clouds of glory. For them the barrel-organ combines the merits of Wagner, Beethoven, Strauss, and Debussy, and Orpheus would have to imitate its eloquent strains on his lute if he wished to captivate the hearts of London children.

When I was a child the piano-organ and that terrible variant that reproduces the characteristic stutter of the mandoline with deadly fidelity were hardly dreamed of, but the ordinary barrel-organ and the prehistoric hurdy-gurdy, whose quavering notes suggested senile decay, satisfied our natural craving for melody. It is true that they did not make so much noise as the modern instruments, but in revenge they were almost invariably accompanied by a monkey in a little red coat or a performing bear. I always had a secret desire to turn the handle of the organ myself ; and when—too late in life to enjoy the full savour of the feat—I persuaded a wandering musician to let me make the experiment, I was surprised to find that it is not so easy as it looks to turn the handle without jerking it, and that the arm of the amateur is weary long before the repertoire of the organ is exhausted. It is told of Mascagni that he once taught an organ-man how to play his notorious *Intermezzo* to the fullest effect, but I fancy that in professional circles the story would be discredited, for the arm of the practised musician acquires by force of habit a uniform rate of revolution, and in endeavouring to modify that rate he would lose all control over his instrument.

Personally, I do not like hearing excerpts from Italian opera on the street-organs, because that is not the kind of music that children can dance to, and it is, after all, in supplying an orchestra for the ball-room of the street that they best justify their existence. The spectacle of little ragged children dancing to the music of the organ is the prettiest and merriest and saddest thing in the world. In France and Belgium they waltz ; in England they have invented a curious compound of the reel, the gavotte, and the cake-walk. The best dancers in London are always little Jewesses, and it is worth anybody's while to go to White-chapel at midday to see Myriam dancing on the cobbles of Stoney-lane. There is not, as I once thought, a thwarted enchanter shut up inside street-organs, who cries out when the handle turns in the small of his back. But why is it that I feel instinctively that magicians have drooping moustaches and insinuating smiles, if it is not that my mind as a child founded its conception of magicians on itinerant musicians ? And they weave powerful spells, strong enough to make these poor little atomies forget their birthright of want, and foot it like princesses. Children approach their



amusements with a gravity beside which the work of a man's life seems deplorably flippant. A baby toddling round a band-stand is a far more impressive sight than a grown man circumnavigating the world, and children do not smile when they dance. All the laughter is in their feet.

When from time to time "brain-workers" write to the newspapers to suggest that street-musicians should be suppressed, I feel that the hour has almost come to start a movement in favour of Votes for Children. It is disgraceful, ladies and gentlemen, that this important section of the community, on whom the whole future of the nation depends, should have no voice in the forming of the nation's laws! This question of street-organs cannot be solved by banishing them to the slums without depriving many children of a legitimate pleasure. For, *sub rosa*, the children of Park-lane—if there are any children in Park-lane—and even the children of brain-workers, appreciate the music of street-organs quite as much as their humble contemporaries. While father buries his head under the sofa-cushions and composes furious letters to the *Times* in that stuffy hermitage, little noses are pressed against the window-pane, little hands applaud and little feet beat time on the nursery floor upstairs. This is one of those situations where it is permissible to sympathise with all parties, and unless father can achieve an almost inhuman spirit of tolerance I see no satisfactory solution.

For children must have music. They must have tunes to think to and laugh to and live to. Funeral marches to the grave are all very well for the elderly and disillusioned, but youth must tread a more lively measure. And this music should come like the sunshine in winter, surprisingly, at no fixed hour, as though it were a natural consequence of life. One of the gladdest things about the organ-man in our childhood was the unexpectedness of his coming. Life would be dragging a little in schoolroom circles, when suddenly we would hear the organ clearing its throat as it were; we would all run to the window to wave our hands to the smiling musician, and shout affectionate messages to his intelligent monkey, who caught our pennies in his little pointed cap. In those days we had all made up our minds that when we grew up we would have an organ and a monkey of our own. I think it is rather a pity that with age we forget these lofty resolutions of our childhood. I have formed a conception of the ideal street-organist that would only be fulfilled by some one who had realised the romance of that calling in their youth.

How often, when the children have been happiest and the dance has been at its gayest, I have seen the organ-man fold music's wings and move on to another pitch in search of pennies! I should like to think that it is a revolt against this degraded commercialism that inspires the protests of the critics of street-music. The itinerant musician who believed in art for art's sake would never move on so long as he had an appreciative audience; and sometimes, though I am afraid this would be the last straw to the brain-workers, he would arrive at two o'clock in the morning, and the children, roused from their sleep, would hear Pan piping to his moon-lit flocks, and would believe that they were still in the pleasant country of dreams.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

## TOKYO

PSYCHOLOGICALLY speaking, the city of Tokyo, like the Japanese civilisation, which is often unmoral, if not immoral, is a wanton growth, not a true development from the inner force of impulse; its immensity in size, and perhaps in humanity too, is not the consciousness of sure development, but more or less in the nature of an accidental phenomenon.

It appeared like a mushroom without any particular reason; the wonder is that it has stayed, and grown bigger and bigger. It fairly well represents the Japanese mind in its incapacity for spiritual concentration; if it has any charm (it has, in fact, many and many charms, often fantastic and always bewildering) it should lie in its ignoring of definite purpose, or its utter lack of purpose. It is almost too free to be called democratic; it has no discrimination. (My friend critic, that unique N. Y., scorns Tokyo as the human beehive of mobbishness.) Many millions of Japanese, dark in skin, short in stature, live here looking as if the increasing summer clouds had fallen on the ground, now parting and anon gathering again with a sort of mystery of Oriental fatalism; the first and last impression is a weariness not altogether unpleasant, ghostly at the beginning and tantalisingly human afterward. That weariness originates in the confusion, physical and spiritual, to speak symbolically, the strange mess of red, blue, yellow, green, and what not. (Fame be eternal of Utamaro, Hokusai, and Hiroshige, those colour magicians of art, the true exponents of Japanese life!)

This Tokyo was at the first the town of *samurai* of two swords, of mind more bent on learning how to die than how to live, proper to say, founded by Iyeyasu Tokugawa, the mighty prince of the Tokugawa feudalism, four hundred years ago, whose want of artistic education made it quite natural for him not to see the poetical side of city-building; he allowed every whim and imagination of the people to take their own free course. This neglect, more fortunate than otherwise, produced a great variety in colour and humanity that system and wisdom never could create, that were at once paradoxical, but highly interesting. It is for ever the man's city, if we can call Kyoto the city of women for the sake of comparison; in consequence, it is apt to be naked, *bizarre*, and often arrogant, but there is no other city like Tokyo, which is honest and simple. As a piece of art the city is sadly unfinished; in its unfinishedness we feel a charm, as I said before, the charm of weariness that rather breaks, in spite of itself, an artistic unity. Consciousness of perfection is unknown to the city; while it is quick and bright on the one hand, it is, on the other, verily lazy and uncivilised, like the Japanese temperament itself. I can count, on the spot, many a street which raises an apologetic look, as if they did not approve their own existence even themselves; it is quite natural, I say, as it is the city as a whole, without a definite purpose.

I think that "New Japan" (what a skeptic, shallow sound it has!) has little to do with the real Japan of human beauty, because it was created largely by the advertisement, for which we paid the most exorbitant price to get the mere name of that; in short, we bought it with ready cash. Therefore it is no wonder that it is so perfectly strange to many of us. I hear a whisper too often at some street corner: "Is it really our Japan?" I know that old, true Japan, every inch of it, was the very handiwork of the people in general, while "New Japan," "the rising country first class in the world," as it was proudly written by a newspaper man, as I can imagine, who wears a single eyeglass straight from London, was created by a few hundred men, we might say; the Westerners born in Japan, whose hopeless ignorance of the old civilisation of their old country, strange to say, helped them up to fill the highest place in the public estimate. They were almost reckless to bring everything from abroad, good or bad; we did not mind trying it under one condition, that we might change it for another if it was not fitting. We discovered profitably Shakespeare and even Ibsen lately; and it seems to me that a copy, doubtless, of the American edition of "How to Build a City" fell one day in the hands of the Mayor of Tokyo, who proclaimed in the voice of a prophet that the city should be rebuilt in the very fashion nobody, at least in the Orient,

ever dreamed. Figuratively speaking, we were changing our *kimono* of old brocade, precious with tradition, for a plain sack-coat, perhaps made in Chicago. The municipality has been for the last two or three years spending an enormous amount of money for the sudden enlarging of the streets, and the hasty building of houses of brick or stone, of white or red; but I wonder why our Japanese city should be one and the same with that of the West. And again I wonder if it was her weakness or strength that she accepted the foreign things so easily. It makes me reflect what right she has, however, to object to the foreign invasion, as she had no definite purpose as a city originally. And is it the only way to put the Western morality in the old heart of the city? Can she ever become really civilised?

YONE NOGUCHI.

## ART

## MINIATURES

WE once heard a young lady make a gentle little speech against Woman's Suffrage. "Let us keep to the drawing-room of life," she said. The Royal Society of Miniature Painters does that, and a certain number of its members have succeeded in making the drawing-room very attractive, and that no doubt is just what is intended, and what the miniatures themselves will do when they are in the Sheraton cabinets, to which they already seem to belong. The artists have said no more than their sisters would be likely to say in their social life; it is all very orderly and smooth and polite. But there are flashes of individuality here and there. There are, for instance, Miss Emily Gertrude Thomson's "Madame Vera Figner," Mr. Edwin Ernest Morgan's "Miss Macnamara" and "Mlle. Sorel," Mr. S. Arthur Lindsey's "Miss E. S. Jacob," Miss Edith Grace Wolfe's "Le Bien-Aimé," and Miss Maud M. Wear's "Blue Veil." But a drawing-room may be a very pleasant place, and there is surely life in such a one as will welcome Mme. G. Debillemont Chardon's "Mère Mélie," Miss Bess Norriss's woman and baby—called "Bon jour"—and the beautiful little bronzes and plasters by Miss Phœbe Stahler, of which we have spoken before.

## SOME MODERN ETCHINGS

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL are exhibiting at their Gallery in Bond Street an exceptionally interesting collection of modern etchings. There is some fine, strong work by the Hon. Walter James—always vastness and ruggedness and angry weather. There are the "Duddon Sands" of Mr. Oliver Hale, and Mr. Percy Robertson's "Plough"—both examples of free, fine work—and Mr. Albany E. Howarth's and Mr. Hamilton Mackenzie's strong, clear-cut impressions. There is also work by Mr. Francis Sidney Unwin, Mr. Randolph Schwabe, and Mr. Hedley Fitton. But among much that is interesting and in several cases really fine an etching by Mr. Ernest S. Lumsden—"The Pier"—remains one of the most exquisite things of its kind which we have seen. Equal to Whistler in delicacy and suggestion, in the management of values; and yet not like Whistler, but full of individual beauty.

WE have received a volume of excellent reproductions of the pictures of Johannes Bosboom and William Maris, issued by Messrs. Wallis and Son at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall. The art of Bosboom is not by any means familiar to Londoners, nor is Maris a very well-known name,

but both painters are worth close study, and a more lengthy appreciation of their work will be found in THE ACADEMY for May 27th last. The prints are charming in their quality of line and clearness of tone; all Bosboom's lovely "interiors" come out well, and the landscapes of Maris are extraordinarily faithful to the originals.

## IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

## ABOVE ALL ISSUES

AT the present moment, when party feelings are passionately excited, it must be a source of deep pain to all serious-minded individuals who, looking beyond the narrow sphere of domestic strife, survey the world's affairs, that the country, in face of its enemies abroad, is split into petty, warring factions. The solemn and statesman-like words spoken by Mr. Lloyd George at the Mansion House as recently as last week have been drowned amid the vulgar din of political warfare. Lest in the columns of THE ACADEMY an opportunity should be lost of appreciating to the full their crucial significance, it would be as well here to reproduce the most striking passage:—

I can conceive of nothing (said Mr. Lloyd George) that could justify the disturbance of international goodwill except questions of the greatest national moment; but if a situation were to be forced upon us, in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position which Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated, where her interests were vitally affected, as if she were of no account in the cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure. National honour is no party question.

The weighty utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer reveal at once the gravity of the international situation. It is plain that they were addressed with a profound sense of responsibility to the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse; and that this fact is clearly recognised in Germany is evident from the laboured efforts of the semi-official Press in Berlin and Cologne to explain them away by declaring that they were merely in the nature of platitudinous expressions having no particular application to any single Power. In Paris, in St. Petersburg, and in Vienna the contrary view is held. For diplomatic reasons which are apparent, Germany is anxious to create the impression that under no circumstances would it be just to regard her in the light of a disturber of the world's peace. She wishes it to be accepted without question that her *coup d'état* in Morocco entitles her to some substantial compensation, and therefore professes to be at a complete loss to understand why Great Britain or any other Power should find in her conduct grounds for diplomatic warning.

No doubt can exist in the minds of astute observers of the international situation that Germany, with masterly deliberation, chose the moment for intruding herself into affairs with which she had no legitimate concern. Her motive was obviously to wreck irretrievably the Triple *Entente*. By the most perverted and dangerous of all processes of delusion, that of self-deception, she had led herself to believe that the memorable Potsdam *tête-à-tête* had actually resulted in the defection of Russia. The French Ministry had just fallen, and the Berlin Government doubtless counted upon domestic chaos in France to assist its aims.



And finally the astute wire-pullers of the Wilhelmstrasse timed their *coup* to take place when the statesmen of Great Britain would also be preoccupied in a crisis at home. So far German machinations have been defeated all along the line. Instead of breaking up the Triple *Entente*, these machinations have produced an entirely opposite result. For at last an incident has occurred which has enabled the three Powers composing that eminently practical compact to declare in unequivocal terms that their interests throughout the world are common, and that, should occasion arise, they will be prepared in defence of those interests to draw the sword in common. In face of this bold and united front Germany has wisely paused to reflect. It is not sufficient, however, that the Powers of the Triple *Entente* should merely set forth in the language of diplomacy, no matter how strong its terms may be, that they are ready for eventualities even to the dread point of war. It is not sufficient that they should show that among themselves they are united. They must give unmistakable proof of determination. Viewed from this aspect all parties will be in agreement that the deeply significant words of Mr. Lloyd George are uttered at an opportune moment.

In the passage from his speech quoted above the concluding sentence has particular application to political conditions as they exist in Great Britain to-day. "National honour is no party question." If we continue to show to our foes abroad that we have lost that self-restraint which has ever been our pride, and with it much of that self-respect which is the real foundation of patriotism, then they will not be slow to take advantage of our declining greatness, and will seize upon the occasion to impose upon us a humiliation that will dim the history of our times, and will bring down upon our heads the curse of posterity. In a weekly article dealing with Foreign Affairs as they occur from week to week the writer is not concerned with the merits or otherwise of party issues. It is, however, clearly his conscientious obligation to point out—and here the warning may with equal benefit be addressed not to one but to all parties—that in view of the extreme gravity of the international situation a very serious responsibility rests upon those statesmen, and upon their followers, who are guilty of setting Britain against herself, instead of, as loyalty and duty should dictate, serving with disinterested motive and whole-hearted energy the cause of simple patriotism. Were it possible for the country to learn all that is known in the Chancellories of Europe with regard to the critical state of our diplomatic relations, then it would make its voice heard in no uncertain tones. It may without exaggeration be said that at no time in history were we nearer to a European conflagration than we are at present. Instead of showing in the face of our enemies, to use the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "that national honour is no party question," we are wilfully blinding ourselves to the realisation that our national honour is at stake.

From the bitter way in which we are rending ourselves a detached observer would imagine that we were an insular people of narrow limitations—in other words, islanders without Imperial responsibilities, without world-wide commerce, without the glorious heritage handed down from the founders of an Empire upon which it is our unceasing boast that the sun never sets. If ever there was a time when Great Britain should be true to herself, that time is now. Germany, as I have already said, has chosen a moment when the embarrassment of our own affairs has led her to believe that she could strike with success at the very foundations of our existence. She seeks to inflict upon us a humiliation that would kill our diplomatic prestige abroad; nay, more, she aims at a concrete gain in the form of territorial aggrandisement in a part of the world from which she will be able to cut the very threads of our strategic

web. She will only be balked in her aggression when tangible evidences are forthcoming that the whole nation, irrespective of political differences, is determined that national honour shall be no party question. It is idle to say, it is in fact too late to say, that so soon as we are tested these evidences will not be lacking. The hour of the test is nigh. We have reached the crisis.

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## MOTURING AND AVIATION

At the time of writing the air race round Great Britain is still in progress, but sufficient has actually been accomplished to convince the most sceptical that aviation is destined to fulfil a part of vast importance in the future history of the world. That two men should cover a distance of nearly four hundred miles by air in seven hours, and accurately estimate almost to a minute the time of arrival at their destination, cannot fail to impress the least imaginative with a sense of the enormous potentialities of the newest form of locomotion. That the majority of the competing machines should have been disabled at an early stage of the contest is of little consequence. Nor is it of vital importance that many of the aviators have had to confess themselves beaten and unable to complete the course. The outstanding fact is that a distance of some hundreds of miles has been traversed with the precision, and with more than the speed, of an express train, and what has been done by one machine and one man can obviously be repeated. It is merely a question of getting the right type of machine and the right type of man, with the necessary experience on the part of the latter, and this is obviously a matter of time only. It is a little disappointing, of course, to find the British competitors so completely outclassed in the matter of skill by the French aviators; but it is to be remembered that the experience of the latter is much greater than that of the Englishmen, and evidently experience is of the first importance in the mastering of the science of aviation. And similarly with regard to the machines. One would have liked to see the British productions take a more prominent part in the contest; but this is also a matter which will be remedied at no distant date. It is only a few years since the efforts of the British motor manufacturers were regarded with amusement or contempt by the Continental makers; but to-day the British-made car is universally admitted to be second to none, and there is every reason to believe that history will repeat itself in the case of the aeroplane.

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It is now definitely announced that motorists in France will not in future be restricted by any arbitrary speed-limit whatever, experience having "finally demonstrated that such restrictions cannot be enforced in practice, and only give rise to unjustifiable prosecutions and annoyance to motorists." Hitherto the general speed-limit in that country has been a fraction under nineteen miles an hour, but for a number of years there has been little attempt to enforce it, except in some of the remoter country districts, so that its removal from the statute-book does not possess anything like the importance that would attach to a similar step in this country. Broadly speaking, the only speed offence of which the motorist in France can now be convicted is that of driving at such a pace as to prevent him from keeping his car under perfect control—in other words, driving to the common danger. As might have been anticipated, this step on the part of the French authorities has led to an immediate revival of the agitation for the repeal of the speed-limit in this

country, and there is little doubt that a determined and concerted effort will be made to secure the removal of what is unquestionably a source of perpetual irritation to the vast majority of motorists in this country. It cannot be denied that the fact of the French authorities, after a considerably longer experience of the motor-car and its problems than we possess, having finally and deliberately abandoned even the pretence of imposing an arbitrary speed-limit constitutes a powerful argument in support of the "no limit" advocates here. As a matter of fact it is not possible to enforce a speed-limit. In spite of the diversion of a considerable section of the police from their ordinary functions, and the infliction of multitudinous fines, there is probably not a single motorist who has not exceeded, and does not on occasion exceed, the limit; and so it will always be as long as the legal restriction exists. It is argued, and rightly, that speed in itself is not, or ought not to be, an offence, and that dangerous driving depends entirely upon the particular circumstances, whether the car be travelling at six miles or sixty miles an hour. In France, under the new regulations, any chauffeur convicted twice within a year for driving at an excessive speed will have his licence withdrawn or cancelled, and this course would no doubt be found efficacious if adopted over here.

A point of some interest and importance to the motoring community is dealt with in the R.A.C. official journal—namely, the question as to whether a motorist driving at the legal speed-limit of twenty miles an hour is justified in refusing to give way to a faster vehicle. Those who hold the affirmative view base their contention upon the argument that, by refusing to make way, they are preventing others from breaking the law. The pronouncement of the legal department of the R.A.C. is to the effect that, whilst a motorist might be within his rights in so doing, he would himself be committing the offence of wilful obstruction, the law taking no account of speed-limits in dealing with cases of obstruction of the free passage of the highway, whether committed by motorists or anybody else. This is a somewhat ambiguous decision, which may leave the motorist in some doubt as to what he can or cannot do if he wishes to keep strictly within his legal rights. It would seem a simpler thing to say that it is not the business of any private individual, motorist or otherwise, to prevent another from committing a technical infringement of the law if he chooses to do so. This is palpably the common-sense view of the matter, but, as many motorists have been in doubt as to whether they would have a right of action for obstruction in such circumstances, it is satisfactory to have an authoritative statement on the subject.

R. B. H.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Cophall Avenue, E.C.

As I write the whole City is suffering from an attack of nerves, and prices are tumbling in all directions. The scare began with what for Mr. Lloyd George must be considered an extremely moderate speech. Unfortunately, it caught the fancy of the French, and on Sunday the French Press began to scream with delight. This annoyed the German officials, who thought it necessary to counteract the Franco-British enthusiasm by the usual blustering articles. Thus a complete scare was created out of really nothing at all. Does any sane person imagine that the German bankers would

# A NEW FACTOR IN MOTORING.

The best is generally good enough for most people; but generally most people are lamentably unsuccessful in getting the best. How, for example, may the motorist get the best tyre? It is the matter of moment to him; but only the costly experiment will answer the question satisfactorily.

If he could exhaustively test every tyre on the market until the best had been determined; if his years of experience and an expert knowledge of rubber and its preparation, had given him ideas for improvement which he could incorporate in that best tyre, and again exhaustively test until he was entirely satisfied with the results, he would be able to claim that he had the best. Is that not so?

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have lent ten millions sterling to the Russian Government for the purpose of railway construction if there had been the remotest probability of a war breaking out between France and Germany? If any one is so foolish, he can have very little knowledge of the immense power exerted in Europe by the international financier. The great banks of Europe are informed each day with the most meticulous accuracy of everything that occurs in all the Foreign Offices. It would be impossible for any Government to carry on its business unless it kept in touch with the great bankers. There is not the smallest sign of uneasiness among the great credit houses of Paris, the big bankers of Germany, or the finance houses in London. Naturally they are not averse to a shake-out, for it is the big house with its unlimited credit that makes money in times like the present.

A very simple explanation of the fall in prices is this. In Berlin they have been gambling rather heavily in Canadian Pacifics. In Paris there is a fairly large bull account in Tintos, Perus, and De Beers; Paris has also been gambling very heavily in Russian industrial stocks. The bankers who finance these bulls thought that the political scare gave them a good opportunity of calling in loans; they therefore shook out all the weak people. Nevertheless, although selling was persistent on Monday and Tuesday, the actual amount of stock that changed hands was comparatively small.

The Birkbeck meeting showed everybody that the creditors here would not get more than 15s. in the pound, and that they would only get this by keeping very quiet and nursing the securities with great care. Certain newspapers pretended that it would be possible to distribute 17s. 6d. and probably 20s. But there is no hope of so much. This gave us a disagreeable taste in the mouth.

There has been very little doing among the promoters. The General Accident made an offer of 5 per cent. preference shares, and as these shares are really well secured they form an excellent investment, and would no doubt be readily subscribed. The Central Carpathian Oil Company, which is promoted by the Oil Trust, has been attempting to get itself underwritten for some time past, and it is said (we do not know with what truth) that the underwriters have been let in on varying terms. If this is the case, the Oil Trust is not managing its affairs with much tact, for underwriters, above all things, like to be in on the ground floor. The issue was not advertised in a very businesslike manner, for on Monday morning some copies of the *Financial News* contained a half-page prospectus, while other copies lacked this interesting document, which did not make its bow to the public until Tuesday morning. This shows considerable lack of intelligence on the advertising side. Everything to do with the promotion of a company, especially such a company as the Central Carpathian Oil, should be done in the most thoroughly businesslike manner. The prospectus states that the production from the properties is about 550 tons daily, and that the profits should be £177,800. But although the properties are producing, there is no proof that they are being run at a profit. As far as one can make out, the promotion profit is £145,000—a huge sum. The company starts with this burden, and also that of the underwriting. It will be lucky if it gets out with less than £175,000 tied round its neck as dead weight.

CONSOLS.—Consols appear weaker than ever, and on Wednesday were done at 77½. The story that there were still some large blocks to be disposed of in connection with the Birkbeck Bank liquidation has probably very little truth in it, but the Stock Exchange is so ardently political, and so extremely excited over the crisis at Westminster, that probably a good many rash people sold small lots of Consols as a sort of safety-valve for their over-wrought feelings. A very little selling has a very great effect on this market. Large numbers of gilt-edged securities have been created during the past few years, and it is so much more profitable for members of the House to job in securities out of which they can make some money than out of Consols. The market is quite incapable of standing any strain at all. The Government declines to support the Consol market; in this

they are quite right. The Government broker has to buy for the Sinking Fund, but he has not a free hand, and no attempt is made to manipulate Consols on behalf of the Government. Russia and Japan and the consortium of bankers in Berlin handle their respective Government stocks with a view to market loans, but this is not done in either France or England. It is a pity, of course, that Mr. Lloyd George cannot see his way to promote a small Bill to facilitate the buying and selling of Consols, but, as no votes are to be obtained through such a Bill, and as the modern politician never does anything unless he can get something out of it, it is hopeless to expect such a simple thing as the issuing of Consols to bearer would be. The Conservatives used to sneer at Mr. Gladstone and his policies, but, at any rate, he was a great financial genius and was never influenced in his finance by political considerations. Neither, for that matter, was Lord Goschen. But of late years Chancellors of the Exchequer have never done anything without a political object, and the Treasury is now only a part of the wire-pulling machinery. It is a matter of the saddest regret to those who desire the welfare of the nation.

FOREIGNERS.—As might have been expected from the political situation, foreigners have been absurdly weak, and the bulls of Peru Prefs have been thoroughly shaken out. Tintos could not lift their heads, and there was even a certain amount of selling of Russians, but, curiously enough, some good orders came into the market for Egyptian Unifed. These could not, however, be filled; there was no stock about. Until the foreign policies of France and Germany have been settled to the satisfaction of the different Bourses we can hardly expect any rise in this market. London is not largely interested, and indeed only acts as a sort of clearing-house for foreigners.

HOME RAILS.—There must have been a very much larger bull account in Home Rails than any one expected, and it is probable that the banks decided to strengthen their positions and refuse to lend any longer to some of their weak clients. Owing to the excessive contangoes charged by the Stock Exchange most of the speculation in the Home Railway market is carried on through the banks. The clients buy the stock with the bank's money and hand it over to them as security. The banks do a very profitable business in this, but they are careful not to allow their clients to become too deeply involved, and they shake them out ruthlessly when they see the smallest sign of weakness. All the dividends declared up to the present have been better than was expected. Even if the dividend itself has not been higher the carry-forward has been larger. Lancashire and Yorkshire did splendidly, and the stock is remarkably cheap to-day. Great Central was good, and although the '94 preference got nothing they are certain to participate at the end of the year, when it is quite on the cards that they will be paid in full. The speculative element went for Great Central A and B and suffered severely in the slump, for these stocks were the first to feel the fall. They are now approaching a reasonable figure and should be bought. South Western deferred fell heavily, but the figures are good and there is nothing to alarm holders. Great Easterns are moving along the right lines, and the yield here is tempting, but there is a bull account open and I am afraid to advise a purchase. Really the worst figures of the week have been the Metropolitan, who increased their dividend at the expense of the renewals fund. This was not good policy. I write for those who have money to invest and desire a sound security yielding a reasonable rate of interest. I do not write for the gambler or the greedy person who thinks that he can get 6 or 7 per cent. without risk. I repeat that London and North Westerns, Great Westerns, North Easterns, Lancashire and Yorkshire, the '89, '91, and '94 preference of the Great Central are admirable securities for those who can afford to pay for the stocks and take them up. Now is the moment to buy.

YANKERS.—All through the gloom, all through the rumours of Continental wars and the horror of seeing the British Constitution smashed by the backwoodsman peers or Mr.

Lloyd George—I forget which—the Yankee market has preserved its air of optimism. It is, indeed, the only market in which any real business has been done. The fact that the United States will have a very fine crop is in itself sufficient to justify almost any optimism. The States live upon their harvest. It is impossible for an inhabitant of that huge territory to be anything but an optimist. He sees growing round him huge towns where a few years ago was nothing but prairie. He sees railways, like the B. and O., which were once railways to laugh at, becoming magnificent, well-organised systems. He sees a man like Harriman drag the Union Pacific out of bankruptcy and turn it into one of the most magnificent roads in the world. He reads in his paper that Erie, which was once a byword, means to double-track the whole of its system. How can he help being an optimist? Nothing can stop the United States. Its financiers are even becoming honest, at least honest from their point of view. The big bankers of America now realise that if they are to secure the financial support of London and Paris they must play the game according to the rules of those cities. We may therefore expect a good market in all Americans for some months. It will probably culminate in an autumn boom and the usual collapse.

**CANADIAN PACIFICS.**—Canadian Pacifics continue to fluctuate violently. There is a very big bull account here, and New York and Berlin are manipulating the stock between them. The six months' figures for the C.P.R. show an increase in net revenue of over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million dollars, and a surplus for dividends of over 3 million dollars. The C.P.R. is earning over 15 per cent. on its common stock, exclusive of its land sales. The company pays 3 per cent. of its dividend out of the interest on its land sales, therefore the road itself is earning double the dividend it distributes. This year there are thirty millions of new stock on which to receive a dividend, and there is talk of a still further issue of stock. It must be understood that the C.P.R. makes these stock distributions not because it needs the money so much as because it dare not show the Dominion how rich it is. The figures are astounding. Nevertheless I expect to see a fall in Canadian Pacifics as soon as the new issue of stock is made and the premium rights obtained. We always find this happen in every market.

**RUBBER.**—Notwithstanding the determination of the rubber bulls to keep up the price, they were not strong enough to manipulate the sales at the last auctions, and prices sagged away in consequence. The public resolutely declines to buy rubber shares, and candidly there is nothing to induce them to change their minds. Vallombrosa report shows a falling off of no less than 75 per cent. in dividend, and this huge drop is merely what every one expected. All the other companies will follow suit, for it is impossible that the price of rubber can rise. Every month adds to the amount of rubber on the market, and every month shows the manufacturer how to economise his consumption.

**OIL.**—The Continent has been selling Shells. There are evidently more bulls of Shell Transport in Amsterdam than there are in London. The Spies Maikop report is satisfactory, but it tells the shareholders very plainly that the Maikop field is not yet proved. Those behind the scenes knew this quite well, but a great many of the public believed that Maikop was going to turn out a gigantic oil-field. I am afraid that nine-tenths of the companies floated will end in liquidation. Maikop Spies is quite one of the best.

**KAFFIRS.**—The Kaffir market has remained steady for the simple reason that all the dealers are short of shares, and that Paris now holds nothing. A sharp concerted movement on the part of the big houses might very easily bring about a big rise here. But the big houses have lost their leader, and they will do nothing; they are content to sit still and draw their dividends. As the position of the Rand gradually improves no doubt an attempt will be made to create a new boom, but at the present time there is not enough to go upon. The public has lost all interest in Kaffir shares.

**RHODESIANS.**—Rhodesians have jumped hither and thither without any definite rise. Shamvas have been bought, but the price of this share is far too high, and it is impossible to

handle such a huge property with the present labour supply. Eldorados look cheap, for the report is excellent; but it is quite plain that the Rhodesian houses not only distrust one another, but I might almost say hate each other. Sir Abe Bailey is credited with having got out of most of his mining shares, and he is certainly not trusted by the other groups. However, he has more brains than all the rest of them put together. But the squabbles of these Rhodesian magnates amuse an outsider like myself. It is not the moment to buy Rhodesians and it is really almost waste of time to talk about them.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Marconi meeting went off very well, and the directors did wisely in paying no dividend on the past year, but declaring an interim dividend for the current year. Pekins have been heavily sold, presumably because Mr. Ourey intends making a deal in British Central Africa, which he hopes to plant on the unfortunate French people.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### REFORM VERSUS REVOLUTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a member of the British Constitution Association, I should be glad if you will permit me to call the attention of young readers to the petition which the Committee has presented to the House of Commons on the Parliament Bill. The object of the Association is to resist Socialism and to uphold the fundamental principles of the British Constitution, personal liberty and personal responsibility. The petition appears to me completely to justify the Lords' amendments to the Parliament Bill. I append a quotation from the petition, copies of which may be obtained from the Association, 20, Tothill-street, London, S.W.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

MARK H. JUDGE.

7, Pall-Mall, July 25th, 1911.

#### (QUOTATION.)

That a redistribution of seats is absolutely necessary before the House of Commons can be representative of the electors is evident if the following facts are kept in mind, viz:—

One-half of the 670 members of the House of Commons—viz., 335—now represent 5,414,357 electors; the other 335 represent only 2,489,418 electors. The average of the one-half is 16,162 per member; the average of the other half only 7,431 per member. One-half of the total electorate of 7,904,465 send 458 members into Parliament, the other half only 212.

As stated in the resolution quoted, Mr. Asquith has declared that our present electoral system is "an inadequate and untrustworthy exponent of the real opinion of the people," and that he regarded it as a duty and a binding obligation on the Government to submit a really effective scheme of reform.

Not long since Lord Haldane said: "The progress of democracy is simply the process of fashioning the instrument of government of the State to the more adequate power of giving expression to the general desire. No Government and no Minister has the right to speak for the larger interpretation of the will of the nation."

These weighty words of the Prime Minister and of the Minister for War appear to your petitioners to show conclusively that the present House of Commons is not sufficiently representative of the electors to justify the Government in advising the Crown to create Peers for the purpose of making this unrepresentative House of Commons independent of the other branch of the Legislature.

So fundamental an alteration of our Constitution as a vital change in the relationship of the two Houses of Parliament can only be made constitutionally in one of two ways, viz.: (1) by the consent of both Houses, or (2) by the clearly declared will of the electors.

Therefore your petitioners pray your honourable House to accept the amendments made by the House of Lords in the Parliament Bill (as a temporary measure)—which amendments provide with regard to Bills not adopted by both Houses—That

A Joint Committee, instead of the Speaker alone, shall decide whether a Bill is, or is not, a Money Bill; and that any Bill



which (a) would affect the existence of the Crown or the Protestant Succession; or (b) would establish a National Parliament in any part of the United Kingdom; or (c) in the opinion of the Joint Committee, raises an issue of great gravity upon which the judgment of the country has not been sufficiently ascertained—shall not receive the Royal Assent until it has been approved by the electors.

Or failing the acceptance of these amendments, your petitioners pray that your honourable House will add to the Bill a Referendum Clause so that differences between the two Houses may be settled by the direct vote of the electors.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS

*Horae Semiticae*, Nos. V., VI., and VII. *The Commentaries of Isho 'dad of Merv*. Edited and Translated by Margaret Dunlop Gibson, LL.D. Cambridge University Press. 6s. net, 10s. 6d. net, and 10s. 6d. net.

*The South Wales Coast*. (County Coast Series.) By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

*Epidemic Dropsy in Calcutta*. By Major E. D. W. Greig, M.D., Superintendent Government Printing, Calcutta. 2s.

### EDUCATIONAL

*Junior Algebra, with Answers*. By W. G. Borchardt, M.A., B.Sc. Rivingtons. 2s. 6d.

*Gase's Little Gem Dictionary of the French and English Languages*. Edited by Marc Ceppi. G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.

### VERSE

*Dreams and Gables*. Sonnets by E. Herrick. With Frontispiece by the Author. H. R. Allenson. 1s. net.

### FICTION

*The Voice of the Forest*. By Joseph Burt. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

*The Lone Adventure*. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

*The Red Lantern*. By Edith Wherry. John Lane. 6s.

*Tabloid Tales*. By Louise Heilgers. With Preface by Horatio Bottomley, M.P. Odhams, Ltd. 1s. net.

### THEOLOGY

*Studies in Theology:—Christian Thought to the Reformation*. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., D.Litt. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

*Five Archbishops*. A Sermon preached May 14th, 1911, by Randall, Archbishop of Canterbury. S.P.C.K. 2d.

*Showing Ourselves Men: Addresses for Men's Services*. By the Rev. H. G. Youard. S.P.C.K. 1s.

### PERIODICALS

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